

The IMPROVEMENT ERA



IN THIS ISSUE—

HEBER J. GRANT
DAVID O. McKAY
N. A. PEDERSEN
RAMONA W. CANNON

J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.
GEORGE D. PYPER
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY
ANNIE WELLS CANNON



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"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

COMING IN JUNE

- • AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO YOUTH—AN ARTICLE ON THE OPPORTUNITIES AND OBLIGATIONS OF THE PRESENT GENERATION BY PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.
- • BUILDING A LIFE—BY ALBERT E. BOWEN, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION. A THOUGHT-PROVOKING ARTICLE WITH WORTHWHILE ELEMENTS OF LIVING GIVEN THEIR PROPER PLACE AND VALUE.
- • THE STORY OF FARNSWORTH TELEVISION—BY FAY OLLERTON, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY DR. CARL T. EYRING. A YOUNG MORMON SCIENTIST, PHILIP T. FARNSWORTH, HAS PRODUCED ONE OF THE FEW PRACTICAL METHODS OF THE TELEVISION. THE STORY OF HIS ACHIEVEMENT IS INFORMATIONAL AND INSPIRATIONAL.
- • SAVING THE ONE I AM WITH—BY DR. W. W. HENDERSON, UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. THIS ARTICLE, DIRECTED TO YOUTH, DESCRIBES UNFORGETTABLELY THE RESPONSIBILITIES AND OPPORTUNITIES OF THE INDIVIDUAL WITH RESPECT TO THE ACTIONS OF ALL OTHER INDIVIDUALS.
- • SHALL WE BE LOYAL TO OUR HERITAGE—BY DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE, AND PRESIDENT OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION. IN THIS BRIEF EDITORIAL COMMENT A THOUGHTFUL AMERICAN OVERSEAS LOOKS AT AMERICA IN PERSPECTIVE.
- • THE SECOND "STORY OF OUR HYMNS" BY GEORGE D. PYPER TELLS THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH "A POOR WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF" CAME INTO EXISTENCE. AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH IT BECAME SIGNIFICANT IN MORMON HISTORY.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL

OFFICES:

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

The IMPROVEMENT ERA

JUNE, 1936

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"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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The Cover:

PIONEER MOTHER is the title of this sculptured group by Avard Fairbanks, noted Mormon sculptor. This monument stands in a park in Tacoma, Washington. A poem by Christie Lund, written for this subject, appears on page 284.

HELPING HANDS

By THELMA PARK
SEEGMILLER

TINY hands all wet and soapy,
Reaching over mother's knee,
As he splashes in the dishpan
Busy as a lad can be;
Washing, wiping plates and glasses,
Soaking pinafore with glee,
Lifting brown eyes fringed with lashes,
"Baby helping mother, see!"

Little feet come flying faster
When he hears the broom's first sweep.
And whichever way the dirt goes,
He must there get down and creep;
With the first "fluff, fluff" of pillow
Comes a bouncing curly head
Turning somersaults and cartwheels
"Helping mother make the bed."

Stirring up the cake for dinner,
Hanging out the Monday clothes.
Little hands are slightly soiled now,
And there's black on baby's nose.
Still he must do mother's sewing,
First the needle, then the thread,
While the red lips laugh and chatter,
"Helping mother stitch," they said.

Digging up the favorite flowers,
Picking green fruit from the tree,
Until mother slowly sighing,
Takes him up upon her knee;
Sings a lullaby so softly;
Little head against her leans;
Little eyes shut slowly, surely,
Helping mother now in dreams.

Then she breathes a prayer so holy
As she tucks him in his bed,
"Thanks, Dear God, for busy fingers,
Laughing eyes, and curly head.
May his little feet grow stronger,
Working, playing, all he can.
Let me teach him to help others
When he grows to be a man."



ONE MAN'S MEMORY of an HONORED MOTHER

By PRESIDENT
HEBER J. GRANT

IN THIS brief backward glance at the mother of a prophet is told the story of a serene and gentle life that preached its own sermon. In this man's memory of his mother, virtue, honor, integrity and admirable independence color the pages in a manner which may inspire other mothers and other sons to bring everlasting honor each to the other.

I THANK the Lord for that mother of mine.

She was born in New Jersey of noble parents, Caleb Ivins and Edith Ridgeway Ivins—both devout Dutch Quakers, one of whom died when mother was six and the other when she was nine years old. She was raised under Quaker influences in the home of a cousin, in circumstances of comparative luxury and comfort; and although it was never required of her to engage in housework she became skilled in the arts of homemaking, and even in the time of poverty that later filled part of the years of her life, she presided over her home with serene and warm hospitality.

At the age of sixteen mother joined the Baptist Church, with the consent of her relatives. Sometime later, while she was visiting at the home of an uncle in Hornerstown, New Jersey, she went to a meeting at which the Mormon missionaries were preaching. Subsequently she met the minister of the Baptist church in which she had a pew, and he said:

"Miss Ivins, you went to hear those awful Mormons. If you go to hear them again your pew in my church will be vacant."

I have understood that there is no one on earth so stubborn as a Scotchman, except a Dutchman, and my father was Scotch and my mother Dutch. What the minister said to my mother got her "Dutch" up, and she said to him:

"My pew is vacant in your church. I shall go to hear these Mormons, and I shall pray. It may be that they have the truth."

She told me that when she attended the first Latter-day Saint meeting she only went out of curiosity and did not listen attentively or prayerfully, but went merely to please her sister and one of her girl friends. That was on a Saturday; but the night after attending her first Mormon meeting on a Sunday she got down on her knees and prayed the Lord to forgive her for doing such a wicked thing as going

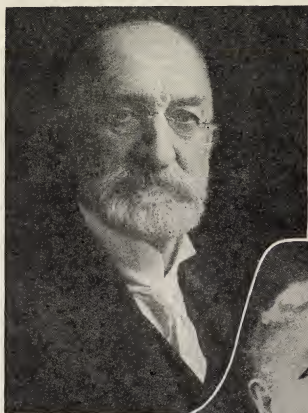
to listen to false prophets on the Sabbath.

But she became converted to the restored Gospel. The men who converted her were the Prophet Joseph Smith himself and Erastus Snow. And my mother's brothers who were well-to-do financially offered to settle an annuity upon her for life if she would renounce her religion. One of her brothers said to her: "Rachel, you have disgraced the name of Ivins. We never want to see you again if you stay with those awful Mormons,"—this was when she was leaving for Utah—"but," he continued, "come back in a year,

come back in five years, come back in ten or twenty years, and no matter when you come back, the latch-string will be out, and affluence and ease will be your portion."

Later, when poverty became her lot, if she actually had not known that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and that the Gospel was true, all she needed to have done was to return east and let her brothers take care of her. But rather than return to her wealthy relatives in the East where she would have been amply provided for, with no struggle for herself or her child, she preferred to make her way among those to

whom she was more strongly attached than her kindred who were not believers in her faith. And so she sewed, at first by hand with a needle and thread and later with a sewing machine, and kept boarders to make a living for herself and her little child. Although she had been reared in affluence she adapted herself to con-



PRESIDENT HEBER J.
GRANT AND HIS MOTHER,
RACHEL RIDGWAY IVINS
GRANT.

ditions of poverty, and her home was always a pattern of neatness.

MY MOTHER'S altered circumstances came about by reason of my father's death. My father died when I was nine days old, and mother was both father and mother to me; and I thank the Lord for a mother who encouraged her son. She raised me with such close care that I never learned to throw a rock, and yet when I joined a baseball club and told mother I was going to learn to play baseball well enough to play on the team that would win the championship of the territory of Utah, my mother encouraged the ambitions of her son. And when, day after day, I had persisted in coming home from school and throwing a ball at Bishop Woolley's barn for practice, she would tie up my arm at night with wet cloths because it would ache so badly. And I did play on the team that won the championship of the territory, and I have never played a game of baseball since that purpose was accomplished. My mother encouraged me in all of my righteous and wholesome ambitions.

On one occasion the bishop came into my mother's house when the rain was coming through the roof. He said: "Widow Grant, I shall put a new roof on this house immediately, out of the Fast donations."

"No, you will not," Mother said. "I have some sewing here, and when I finish it, it will bring in a few dollars, and I will buy some shingles and mend the places in the roof where the rain is coming through. This old house will have to do until my boy grows up and builds me a better one."

I remember working twenty long weeks to get a ten dollar bill—fifty cents each Saturday—while going to school as a boy of fourteen. I had heard of insurance, and with that ten dollars I insured my mother's house. My good bishop said: "My gracious, Heber ought to have given that ten dollars to his mother. Why, if Widow Grant's house were to burn down I would go around this ward, and she has so many friends that within forty-eight hours I would get the money with which to build her a better house than the one she now has."

One of my friends told me this, and I said:

"I can insure my mother's house for enough to build another one if it burns down and I don't care to

live in a house built by charity. I would be a little pauper, living in a house not knowing who furnished

THE SERENE nature of President Grant's mother has left a deep impression upon this man's life—especially since he himself was not calm by nature and has acquired tranquility of mind in later life only by determined effort. Below are excerpts from the chapter on "Serenity" in "As a Man Thinketh," by James Allen, which President Grant frequently reads and quotes. In his original copy of this book President Grant years ago penciled a note in the margin, as he read the paragraphs on serenity, that of all the women he had ever known, his own mother and her sister, Anthony W. Ivins' mother, were the most calm and serene:

"Calinness of mind is one of the beautiful jewels of wisdom. It is the result of long and patient effort in self-control. Its presence is an indication of ripened experience, and of a more than ordinary knowledge of the laws and operations of thought."

* * *

"The calm man, having learned how to govern himself, knows how to adapt himself to others; and they, in turn, reverence his spiritual strength, and feel that they can learn of him and rely upon him. The more tranquil a man becomes, the greater is his success, his influence, his power for good. Even the ordinary trader will find his business prosperity increase as he develops a greater self-control and equanimity, for people will always prefer to deal with a man whose demeanor is strongly equitable."

"The strong, calm man is always loved and revered. He is like a shade-giving tree in a thirsty land, or a sheltering rock in a storm. 'Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what changes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm. That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture: it is the flowering of life, the fruition of the soul. It is precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yea, than even fine gold. How insignificant mere money-seeking looks in comparison with a serene life—a life that dwells in the ocean of Truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the Eternal Calm!'"

"How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character, and make bad blood! It is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!"

the money to build it, and therefore not being able to pay it back."

Bishop Woolley remarked after one of these interviews with my mother: "If Widow Grant waits for that boy to build her a home she will never have one. He is the laziest boy in the Thirteenth Ward. He spends his time hour after hour throwing a ball at my barn over the back fence of his mother's lot, instead of doing something useful for his mother."

I think this very remark had a stimulating effect upon me in helping me to build my mother a home, which I did before I was twenty-one years of age; and I had the pleasure of asking Bishop Woolley to dedicate it. At last he said I was the hardest worker in the Thirteenth Ward, and he said he would decline the honor of dedicating it in favor of President Daniel H. Wells, who was present at the dedication to which my mother had proudly invited her friends.

DURING THOSE days of poverty when I was a small boy my mother often entertained friends and sometimes distinguished guests in a most hospitable way. Reminiscing, she once said: "They loved to come and I loved to have them, and sometimes Heber and I would live on very scanty fare that we might have the greater pleasure of providing something good to share with our friends."

The spirit of quiet dignity and serene self-composure characterized my mother's life. She was an ideal homemaker. Her very presence was restful. She always had friends who were proud of her integrity and her devotion to her religion. She was a woman of mighty faith, and of patient endurance under all circumstances. She served the Church; she was devoted to her son and she stood in humility before her Father in Heaven. So near to the Lord would she get in her prayers that they were a wonderful inspiration to me from childhood to manhood.

I live today in the eightieth year of my life as one whose mother was all to me. She set an example of integrity, of devotion and love, and of determination and honor second to none. Her life was a sermon that rings through my soul to this day. One of the main reasons I am President of the Church today is that I have followed the advice and counsel and the burning testimony of the divinity of God, which came to me from my mother.



PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

MOTHERHOOD

By PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

MOTHERHOOD is the greatest potential influence either for good or ill in human life. The mother's image is the first that stamps itself on the unwritten page of the young child's mind. It is her caress that first awakens a sense of security; her kiss, the first realization of affection; her sympathy and tenderness, the first assurance that there is love in the world. True, there comes a time when father takes his place as exemplar and hero of the growing boy, and in the latter's budding ambition to develop manly traits, he outwardly seems to turn from the more gentle and tender virtues engendered by his mother. Yet that ever-directing and restraining influence implanted during the first years of his childhood lingers with him and permeates his thoughts and memory as distinctively as perfume clings to each particular flower.

In more than one instance in the life of fiery youth, this lingering influence has proved a safeguard in the hour of temptation—an influence greater in its restraining power than the threat of the law of the land, the ostracism of society, or the fear of violating a command of God. In a moment of youthful recklessness the youth might defy one or all of these forces, and do what his hot blood bade, but at the critical moment, the flash of a mother's confiding trust, the realization of her sorrow if he fail to be true to it have given him power to refrain from indulgence that might blight his entire career. Thus

"The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen o' the world."

Motherhood consists of three principal attributes or qualities: namely, (1) The power to bear, (2) The ability to rear, (3) The gift to love.

Some women there are who possess only the first, and who, therefore, are unworthy the name of mother. Selfishly, passionately, they have expressed themselves, as others of their kind, on the low plane of physical life, scorning the responsibility to sacrifice for and to rear their offspring, choking the fountain of love by self and the willful neglect of their children.

In contrast, there are other women who, denied the power to bear children, adopt some as their own, rear

them with an ability characteristic of and inherent in true womanhood, and fill the lives of their darlings with a love that only the yearning soul of such a mother can know. Such are true mothers, indeed, though part of the experience of motherhood be denied them!

This ability and willingness properly to rear children, the gift to love, and eagerness, yes, longing to express it in soul development, make motherhood the noblest office or calling in the world. It is the greatest of all professions, the most beautiful of all arts. She who can paint a masterpiece or write a book that will influence millions deserves the admiration and the plaudits of mankind; but she who rears successfully a family of healthy, beautiful sons and daughters, whose influence will be felt through generations to come, whose immortal souls will exert an influence throughout the ages long after paintings shall have faded, and books and statues shall have decayed or shall have been destroyed, deserves the highest honor that man can give, and the choicest blessings of God. In her high duty and service to humanity, endowing with immortality eternal spirits, she is co-partner with the Creator Himself.

Womanhood, therefore, should be intelligent and pure because it is the living life-fountain from which flows the stream of humanity. She who would pollute that stream by tobacco, poisonous drugs, or by germs that would shackle the unborn, is untrue to her sex and an enemy to the strength and perpetuity of the race.

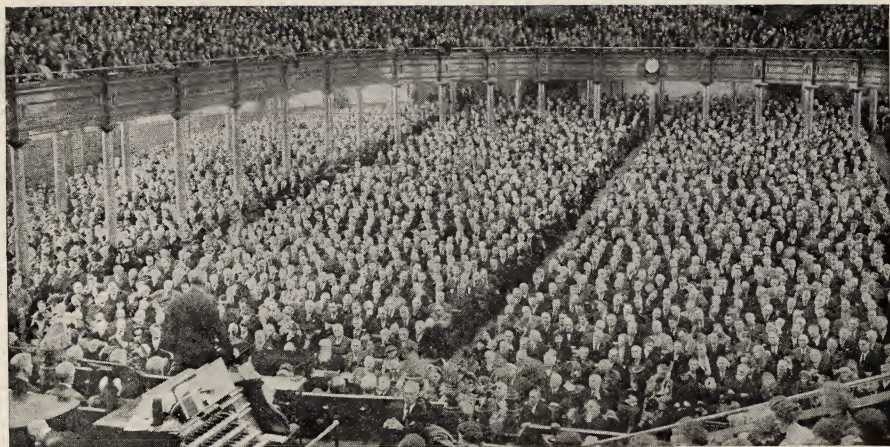
On the other hand it is every mother's duty and should be every mother's inspiration and supreme joy to make it possible for her children to pay her the tribute that you and I, in the words of the prince, can pay to our mothers:

"She of whom you speak,
My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves."

"Happy he
With such a mother; faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not bind his soul with clay."

The laws of life and the revealed word of God combine in placing upon motherhood and fatherhood the responsibility of giving to children not only a pure unshackled birth, but also a training in faith and uprightness. They are to be taught "to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, when eight years old." To those who neglect this in precept and example, "the sin be upon the heads of the parents." (D. & C. 68:25.)

God give the world today, intelligent, devoted, faith-engendering mothers!



Salt Lake Tribune Staff Photo.

VIEW OF PART OF THE CONGREGATION IN ATTENDANCE AT ONE OF THE SESSIONS OF THE ONE HUNDRED SIXTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE CHURCH IN THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE, APRIL 4, 5, AND 6, 1936

FIRST AMERICAN-EUROPEAN BROADCAST OF THE CHURCH, WITH THE FIRST PRESIDENCY SPEAKING

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS HISTORY, AND IN ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT EVENTS IN ITS WHOLE LIFE, THE CHURCH SPOKE TO THE WORLD AS A CHURCH IN A GENERAL CONFERENCE DURING AN AMERICAN-EUROPEAN BROADCAST, SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1936, TO BEAR SOLEMN WITNESS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND HIS LATTER-DAY WORK.

THE THROGS who crowded the Tabernacle and Temple Square at the third session of the One Hundred and Sixth Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Sunday morning, April 5, 1936, were witnesses of an American-European broadcast during which for the first time in its history, and in one of the most significant events in its whole life, the Church spoke to the world as a Church in a General Conference. The First Presidency voiced the message which the Church gave.

Members of the First Presidency have appeared individually on nationwide networks on numerous previous occasions, and Church features have been released previously on international networks, but this was the first testimony of the Presidency speaking for the Church in General Conference on a nationwide American network

broadcast or on an American-European broadcast.

This broadcast is a demonstration of how the Gospel may be preached to every living creature. What the future may hold for the Church in carrying out its divinely ordained mission through this means only the Lord Himself now fully sees and understands.

Concerning the coverage and number of stations releasing this program, which was presented on the regularly scheduled Church of the Air series, the following telegram has been received from the Columbia Broadcasting System:

1315 W A New York April 10, 1936
Evans—KSL:

Church of the Air program April 5 from KSL was short waved to Europe from one five on. First five minutes of program was not. Fifty-six stations were scheduled for this program.

Allen.

The time quoted in the above wire

is Eastern standard time. Converted into Mountain time it means that the program was short waved to Europe from eleven five to eleven thirty a. m. The five minutes which were not short waved included the signature music, the first general introduction and the opening hymn. The three talks of the First Presidency, on this schedule, would have been transmitted to Europe in full.

In addition to the appearance of the Presidency, an outstanding feature of the broadcast was the congregational singing by near ten thousand voices as they joined in the opening hymn "How Firm a Foundation," and later sang one chorus of "An Angel From on High," the verse duet of which was sung by Elder Claudius Doty and Sister Ida Hepworth. The congregation closed with the Doxology, in the singing of which the radio audience was invited to join. In honor of the

memory of the latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith, Elder Harold H. Bennett sang "The Seer" immediately preceding President Grant's address.

The singing was directed by Elder J. Spencer Cornwall, Tabernacle Choir conductor, with Elder Frank W. Asper, Tabernacle organist, accompanying. Elder Richard L. Evans, Church radio announcer, conducted and announced the program under the direction of the Church Radio Committee, Elders Stephen L. Richards, Melvin J. Ballard, and Charles A. Callis.

Witnessed by the same congregation of nearly ten thousand, the regular one-hour nation-wide Sunday morning broadcast of the Tabernacle choir had concluded at ten thirty a. m., following which the conference was opened with song and prayer, and one speaker presented. At ten fifty a. m., conference proceedings were interrupted to prepare for the Church of the Air broadcast and instruct the congregation as to what was expected of them.

At eleven o'clock came the signal to start, and before that memorable half-hour had concluded, millions in America and Europe had heard at the same time the solemn and soul-penetrating testimonies of the Lord's living prophet, Heber J. Grant, and his counsellors in latter-day Israel, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay.

President Grant, who spoke last, was introduced as follows:

Announcer:—In a brief message directed to members and friends of the Church and to listeners everywhere, the presiding head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, President Heber J. Grant, will comment on some of the fundamental beliefs of this Church as set forth in the Articles of Faith and elsewhere. President Grant—

The President's message is here given in full:

In thinking seriously of the economic condition of the world, I am convinced without doubt, that a revelation in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, known as the Word of Wisdom, given by the Lord, the Creator of heaven and earth, to the Prophet Joseph Smith over 100 years ago, would solve the economic problems not only of our country but of every other country, if it were obeyed by the people of the world.

This Word of Wisdom teaches the Latter-day Saints to refrain from the use of tea, coffee, tobacco, and liquor, and part of it reads as follows:

"To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days— . . .

"Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have

warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation— . . .

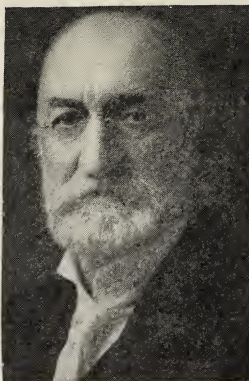
"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

Another thing that is needed is to maintain the Constitution of our country, and I now have pleasure in reading a declaration by Joseph Smith regarding the Constitution:

"The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is, to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a weary and thirsty land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."

I read from a Declaration of Belief regarding governments and laws in general, adopted by unanimous vote of a general assembly of the Church over 100 years ago:

"We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that He holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them, for the good and safety of society.

"We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life. . . .

"We do not believe it just to mingle religious influence with civil government, whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges, and the individual rights of its members, as citizens, denied."

The leading officials of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have been accused of exercising unrighteous dominion, because of the priesthood they hold.

Joseph Smith was sentenced by a court martial to be shot the following morning, and General Alexander D. Doniphan refused to carry out the order of his commanding general, and said that it was cold-blooded murder. This frightened the general in command of the mob, which was expelling our people from the state of Missouri; so they imprisoned the prophet and others in Liberty jail, and while there he received from the Lord one of the most wonderful revelations ever given to our people, regarding the exercise of the priesthood, and I have pleasure in quoting part of it:

"We have learned by sad experience that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion.

Hence, many are called, but few are chosen.

"No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned:

"By kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile."

"Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and the showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy.

"That he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death.

"Let thy bowels also be full of charity toward all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distill upon thy soul as the dew from heaven.

"The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever."

I quote the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints:

"We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praise-worthy we seek after these things."

I close my remarks by bearing my testimony to the world: I know, as I know that I live, that God lives, that Jesus Christ is his Son, the Redeemer of the world, who came to the earth with a divinely appointed mission to die on the cross for the sins of mankind. And I bear my testimony that I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God.

Preceding President Grant, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., was introduced:

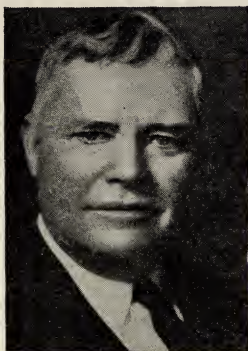
Announcer: President J. Reuben Clark,

Jr., First Counsellor to President Grant in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will now speak on the "Faith, Belief, and Knowledge of this Church concerning Jesus Christ." President Clark—

The full text of President Clark's message is given here:

I wish to state the faith, the belief, and the knowledge of the Latter-day Saints regarding Jesus of Nazareth.

We accept literally the words of John concerning the Christ: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

The Christ has declared in our own day: "I was in the beginning with the Father, and am the firstborn."

We also accept John's declaration that Jesus Christ was the creator of the world, that "all things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made."

We believe that in a great council of Heaven held before the world was, Satan proposed one plan for creating and ruling the world and its progeny, and that Christ proposed another, that Satan's plan was rejected, as taking away the agency of man, and Christ's was accepted as keeping man's agency.

We believe that in obedience to the plan Christ created the world and all that in it is, first spiritually, then temporally, and that in this work of creation He became one of the Great Trinity of three personages—the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

We believe that following this creation the Lord from time to time showed himself to man, either in person or in vision, or in dream or by speech, beginning with Adam, and later to Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, Daniel, and others on the eastern hemisphere, and to many prophets on the western continents; in one of the most glorious theophanies of all time, the Lord showed himself, before His birth, to the brother of Jared, the man of greatest faith of His time, saying: "Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood. Behold this body, which ye now behold, is the body of my spirit; and even as I appear unto thee to be in spirit will I appear unto my people in the flesh."

We believe that in the meridian of time

Mary the Virgin gave birth to Jesus, the only begotten of the Father, in very deed and fact the son of God; that Jesus was crucified upon the cross; that he was buried and lay in a tomb till the morning of the third day when he was verily resurrected from the dead—that is, his spirit and his body reunited and he rose from the tomb a perfect, glorified, living soul; that thus Christ atoned for Adam's fall from which man is so redeemed, and that all men will, by reason of that atonement, be resurrected—that is, the body and spirit of every person born into the world will at some time after death, and in the due course of the Lord, be reunited, thus fulfilling Paul's saying: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

We believe that except for this atonement of Christ for the fall of Adam, man would, through all the eternities, have remained under the penalty of the mortal and spiritual death brought upon the human family by Adam.

We thus believe Christ to be in the full, true, and the most literal sense, the Creator of the world, one of the Godhead, the only begotten of the Father, the Son of God, the promised Messiah, the first fruits of the resurrection, the redeemer of the world.

We believe that some 1800 years after the Son's death and resurrection, the Father and the Son, two glorified personages having human form, appeared to a boy fourteen years of age, even as the Lord came of old to the child Samuel in the Temple; that the Father, pointing to the Son, said: "This is my beloved Son, hear Him;" and that the Son, responding to the lad's inquiry as to which of the many sectarian creeds was right, told the lad that none of them was right, and that he should join none of them.

We believe that through the instrumentality of this same lad, Joseph Smith, grown to maturity, the Lord restored to earth the true Gospel and the Priesthood of God which had been taken from the earth because of the transgressions of men.

Hundreds of thousands of Latter-day Saints, living and dead, have proclaimed their absolute knowledge of the truth of every declaration I have made; some of them have sealed their testimonies with a martyr's blood. To the testimony of the humblest of all these, I wish in humility to add my own.

President David O. McKay was the first speaker, and was introduced with these words:

Announcer:—The first speaker today will be President David O. McKay, second Counsellor to President Grant in the First Presidency of the Mormon Church. The subject of his address: "Happiness and strength of character come by losing self for the good of others." President McKay—

President McKay's address follows:

All mankind desire happiness. Many also strive sincerely to make the most and best of themselves. Surprisingly few, however, realize that a sure guide to such achievement may be found in the following declaration by Jesus of Nazareth, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: And whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."

This significant passage contains a secret more worthy of possession than fame or dominion, something more valuable than all the wealth of the world.

It is a principle, the application of which promises to supplant discouragement and gloom with hope and gladness; to fill life with contentment and peace everlasting. This being true, its acceptance would indeed be a boon today to this distracted depression-ridden world. Why then do men and nations ignore a thing so precious?

Is the truth, in the paradoxical statement, "losing one's life to find it," so elusive that mankind cannot grasp it? Or is it so in conflict with the struggle for existence that men consider it impractical?

Even so, the fact remains that He who is "the way, the truth, and the life" has herein set forth an immutable law, obedience to which will ameliorate those social and economic conditions in which "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Specifically stated, this law is: "We live our lives more completely when we strive to make the world better and happier. The law of pure nature—survival of the fittest—is self-preservation at the sacrifice of all else; but in contrast to this law of pure spiritual life is: Deny self for the good of others."

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints accepts as fundamental this law of life. Faithful members thereof are convinced that only in its application can true happiness be found, or truly great character be developed; and they believe with Emerson that "character is higher than intellect—a great soul will be fit to live as well as to think." To them, also, the safety and perpetuity of our nation depend upon the character building, law-abiding individual.

Therefore, in the heart of every true



PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

Latter-day Saint the voice of the Lord is ever whispering this recorded revelation:

"Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of the Lord."

"And if it so be that you labor all your days, and bring save it be one soul to me, how great shall be your joy in the Kingdom of my Father."

With this end in view, 50,000 men and women, serving willingly without salary, offer every week to over 500,000 children and youth, instruction and guidance in character building and spiritual growth. In addition to this army of officers and teachers, 185,000 men ordained to the priesthood have accepted the obligation to devote their

time and talents as far as possible to the scattering of sunshine, joy, and peace among their fellowmen.

In all such efforts these men and women are but actuated by the high ideals of the prophet of the nineteenth century who, exemplifying the teachings of Christ, said: "If my life is of no value to my friends, it's of no value to me."

Never was there a time in the history of the world when the application of this principle was more needed. Therefore let sincere men and women the world over unite in earnest effort to supplant feelings of selfishness, hatred, animosity, greed, by the law of service to others, and thereby promote the peace and happiness of mankind.

In response to this history-making broadcast statements of appreciation are still arriving from members and non-members of the Church, of which the following quoted excerpts are typical:

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, Inc.
New York, April 6, 1936.
Dear President Grant:

Permit me to express my appreciation and that of the Columbia Broadcasting System for the excellent broadcast which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints presented on our Church of the Air series yesterday. We are most grateful to you, and to President Clark and President McKay, for your participation in this program.

It is through such cooperation as you extended in this instance, as well as in the past, that we are able to present to our audience the leaders in religious thought throughout the country.

Again thank you for your courtesy.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Edward R. Murrow,
Director of Radio Talks.

Dr. Herman L. Kretschmer, eminent surgeon who performed an operation on President Grant several years ago, writes from Chicago as follows:

Quite by accident we dialed in on the Tabernacle. The reception was fine and I cannot tell you when I have heard a finer talk than yours. The singing was wonderful. . . .

184 Superior Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa., April 6, 1936.
Mr. Richard Evans,
Announcer, C. S. L.,
Salt Lake City.

Dear Sir: Yesterday, it was my privilege to listen to the splendid broadcast of your annual meeting of your church, the splendid addresses by the three leading members of the church, also, let me say that I also enjoy your regular Sunday broadcasts.

Yours very truly,
S. M. Ellis, A Grandson of Sidney Rigdon.
808 9th Ave., So.,
Faribault, Minnesota, April 5th.

Dear Friends of Radio Station K. S. L.:
We, a few Latter-day Saints, have just listened to the Conference addresses of our beloved leaders and we wish to add our humble testimonies to those we heard. We also hear and love the Choir every Sunday morning and that voice from the crossroads of the west. We thank you all for the wonderful programs and hope that they will continue. Thank you.

Your Friends,
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Wohlford and family.

A NEW PLAN FOR MISSIONARY WORK IN THE STAKES OF ZION

(Submitted and edited for the *Improvement Era*,
by Joseph Fielding Smith)

IN RESPONSE to invitation, on March 12, 1936, the First Council of Seventy transmitted a letter to the Council of the Twelve in which recommendations were made concerning the establishment and carrying forward of missionary work in the stakes of Zion. The recommendations contained in this letter were discussed and approved by the Council of the Twelve, and, with modifications, were forwarded to the First Presidency in a letter dated March 21, 1936, with a recommendation for approval, which letter was prefaced with this paragraph:

"We, the Council of the Twelve, respectfully recommend that the missionary work in the stakes of Zion be more fully organized than it is at the present time. We suggest the following program as a basis for said proposed organization, the First Council of Seventy concurring."

In response to this recommendation the First Presidency wrote to the Council of the Twelve, under date of March 23, 1936, as follows:

March 23, 1936.

President Rudger Clawson,
The Council of the Twelve,
Dear President Clawson:

The recommendations submitted in your letter of March 21, 1936, regarding missionary work in the stakes of Zion, which recommendations you say are concurred in by the First Council of Seventy, meet with our hearty approval, and you are hereby authorized to put into operation the program therein outlined.

Referring to the third and fourth items in your letter, we recommend that the First Council of Seventy operate directly through the presidencies of stakes, and that the mission presidents be recommended by the stake presidency rather than by the "stake president."

We feel assured that this plan, when fully operative, will give great impetus to the missionary work in the stakes of Zion.

Sincerely your brethren,

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY,

By

Heber J. Grant (Signed)
David O. McKay (Signed)

Accordingly under date of March 24, 1936, the Council of the Twelve wrote to the First Council of Seventy a letter containing the slightly modified recommendations, which letter appears in full below, and constitutes the plan now approved by the First Presidency for conducting missionary work in the stakes of Zion:—

To the First Council of Seventy,
Dear Brethren:

We have given consideration to your letter of March 12, 1936, concerning the establishment and carrying forward of missionary work in the stakes of Zion. We

give our approval to the statement which you have made with reference to the organization and direction of the work, modified as hereinafter submitted.

I.

That the object of this work be to do missionary work within the stakes of Zion.

II.

That a mission be organized in each stake of Zion and that the general supervision thereof be given to the First Council of the Seventy.

III.

That the First Council of the Seventy operate directly through the presidencies of stakes.

IV.

That the immediate charge of the mission shall be given to a mission president who should preferably be a Seventy but may be a High Priest. In case the most desirable man for this position be an Elder, he must first be ordained a Seventy before appointment. The mission presidents shall be recommended by the stake presidency, after consultation with the local council or councils of Seventy, and approved by the First Council.

V.

That the missionaries to be employed preferably be Seventies but that High Priests and women may be called to serve. Also that prospective missionaries who are taking missionary training courses be used to give them experience.

VI.

That the mission be divided into districts over which district presidents, preferably Seventies be appointed.

VII.

That report forms be prepared by the First Council of the Seventy upon which the activities of the missionaries be reported weekly to the mission president who will report to the First Council and to the stake president monthly.

VIII.

That calls for missionary service be made by the presidents of stakes after consultation with Bishops and the local Council of Seventy upon forms prepared by the First Council. That all missionaries so called be made to understand that the call entails full compliance with all missionary regulations and cheerful and faithful response to all assignments.

The stake mission presidents, after consultation with presidents of stakes, shall be authorized to grant releases to missionaries.

IX.

That the further detail of the program be left to the First Council, who will of course collaborate with stake presidents, subject, however, to approval of the Council of Twelve Apostles.

We desire to commend the First Council of Seventy on the comprehensive outline which they have prepared for the work. We should be pleased to receive reports of progress and shall make it a point to confer with the council periodically with reference to this important undertaking.

With best wishes for success, we are

Very sincerely your brethren,

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE,

By

Rudger Clawson (Signed)
President

YOU AND YOUR MOTHER

By CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

DUSK—just before the lamps were lighted. A cheery fire on the hearth; the table set for the evening meal. Curled up on the old-fashioned sofa in the window, waiting for the others to come, a gentle-faced mother and a small, chubby girl of four. This was the hour when she sang to the small listener. Old ballads they were, with a tender charm all their own—"Annie Laurie," "Robin Adair," and, best of all, "Highland Lad." Eagerly the little girl waited for the words, "Oh, where and oh where has your Highland Laddie gone?" and rapturously she would exclaim, "Mother, I know you are the *beautifullest* singer in the whole world!"

This might have been *you* and *your* mother. Perhaps the setting was different but the love and the sympathy were the same. In those early days when the world was just opening for you, you two were as one. Your first consciousness was of your mother's love. How she cherished you, her baby daughter! It may be true that mothers are prouder of their boys and that every woman, as Barrie says, wants her first born to be a son, but it is equally true that there is a peculiar tenderness in the tie that binds her to the little girl who is fashioned in her own image, who will one day be a woman like herself. She hopes—how she hopes—that they two will be companions in the truest sense, that this new being will understand some things that no man, however wise and good, can quite understand.

Go back in memory through the years. Were you one of the mischievous, tomboy kind who distracted the entire household with your pranks and escapades or were you the quiet, shy little miss who needed bringing forward? Whichever you were, it was your mother most of all who understood, who chided or praised, held you back or encouraged. Your first prayers she taught you, your ideas of God and heaven and life she helped you to form.

Do you recall that first morning you went to school? You did not know it but in the heart of your

mother was a good deal of anxiety as to how bravely her "little woman" would make this venture and there was a good deal of loneliness, too, as she left you with the new teacher and realized that the first separation had come.

And then those other wonderful days of your childhood—the glamor of Christmas, your birthdays as they came and went, the day of your baptism into the Church—great events in which you and your mother shared.

After that it seemed but a short time until you were in your teens and a woman yourself.

WITH ADOLESCENCE comes so much, so much of new insight into life, so much of contact with new experiences, new pleasures. If this period has brought change to you it has brought change and adjustments no less to your mother. It must have been hard for her to awaken to the fact that you were no longer her "little girl" for whom she must plan each detail of food and of clothing and whose daily doings she must carefully supervise.

You are often away from her now, perhaps, and she is naturally concerned as to how you are meeting the varying situations which come up every day. She is constantly asking herself if you have the necessary physical and mental equipment, the strength of character to steady you over the hard places.

How happy is she and how fortunate are you if, as of old, the two of you can find some quiet corner, perhaps on the couch at dusk, when the firelight or low turned lamps are enfolding the room and you in their soft glow, and give each other once more your confidences!

After all there are not so many

vital differences between sixteen and forty even if some young people think there are. Why not help your mother to understand your younger life by taking her with you in imagination to the dance hall, the outing, the party? Let her share vicariously your recreational pleasures. Why not decide together, "What would I do should this problem, or this, or this arise?" Such a procedure would allay your mother's anxiety and would fortify you tremendously in meeting actual situations. There is something in speaking aloud the words, "I will," or "I will not do this or that," that strengthens one morally and spiritually.

As your mother tries to see youth's modern view point, try yourself to see hers regarding those fundamental principles which have ever made for human happiness. Moderation in pleasure, cleanliness and purity of body and mind, honor, love of home and children, love of God and the consciousness that His watchcare is over you—these are the enduring qualities which will make your life beautiful. She will help you to hold on to these and with her devotion and the blessing of your Heavenly Father you will travel safely through this fascinating, joyous time of youth.

You and your mother! Always think of her as the loveliest comrade, the best pal in the whole world.





MARIE

ANNETTE

EMILIE

World Copyright, 1936, N. E. A. Service, Inc.
YVONNE CECILE

FIRST we had them in the newspapers, then on the radio, and now in the movies. For those Dionne sisters—Annette, Emelie, Yvonne, Cecile, and Marie—are just about the most celebrated youngsters in the world not excepting England's Princess Elizabeth or America's Shirley Temple.

We have in this universal acclaim of the Dionne quintuplets a salute to babies. The miracle of their birth, the achievement of Dr. Allan Dafoe, the country doctor of Callander, in keeping the mites alive; their first two years of life at their government-built hospital, a stone's throw from the rude, farm cottage where they were born; their cunning antics in the news reels, and their equally cunning gurgles over the air—all this has been made the subject of reams of newspaper and magazine writing. For the "Quints" became front page news overnight.

Perhaps never have babies come into such fame. Doctors, editors, and motion picture directors searched the records for a parallel. They couldn't find one. The "impossible" had happened. The story of the stork's sensational visit to the Dionne home was an epic. And the five famous sisters were set for stardom from the start. Storming Hollywood, these winsome starlets who came into the world, as Dr. Dafoe says, "dusky, blue-skinned, and spider-limbed," are causing millions to take new interest in babyhood. The blase modern world has not lost its love of children. The Callander "Quints" have demonstrated that fact.

The starry-eyed "Quints" were

THOSE DIONNE SISTERS

By C. FRANK
STEELE

ONE OF THE IMPROVEMENT ERA'S CANADIAN CORRESPONDENTS, C. FRANK STEELE, HERE TELLS THE CURRENT FACTS CONCERNING CANADA'S FAMOUS QUINTUPLETS AS THEY APPROACH THE TWO-YEAR MARK OF THEIR LIVES, WHICH OCCURS MAY 28, 1936.

born in the merry month of May—May 28, 1934, to be exact—which means that this month they become two years old. Their second birthday will not be marked by "personal appearances" in great cities where their first screen feature is showing, although this was the hope of many an exhibitor. On the contrary, the vigilant Dr. Dafoe and the other guardians of the babies are seeing to it that no such risks are taken. Their precious wards will celebrate at their Callander home and the "party" will be planned with the utmost care. It will include an order reading something like this: "Dinner for five, please, James."

Mothers, as they read this, will

realize at once what that means—feeding five babies rather than one! And that is only part of the story. Think of it—five baths, five manicures, five airings, five wardrobes—five everything! The Quintuplets' two nurses have plenty of work. Five-thirty or six o'clock in the morning finds them busy with the daily plans for their charges, and they keep right on going until "lights out" and deep night falls over the Ontario hinterland and its wonder babies.

The routine of the Dionne babies' lives is carried on as cheerfully as it is intelligently. The babies' habits are carefully directed, of course, yet they are not spoon-fed, cuddled, or spoiled. They are growing up naturally, healthily, and are as playful as kittens. The cool competence of science has played an important role in the drama of the "Quints." Yet it must be said that those who have been entrusted with their welfare have shown great tenderness, for loving care can be given even in a germ-proof nursery and under rigid scientific discipline.

This institutionalized care of the Quints has been criticized, as has been the placing of the babies under the wing of the Ontario government. But it must be said in connection with this business of "quintuplet-raising" that the government acted in the best of faith. It was mindful first of the health of the babies. Then it desired to protect the children against unscrupulous commercial exploitation, and to save for them and their education such revenue as might accrue from photographic rights, cinema contracts, and

(Concluded on page 320)



Official Photograph, U. S. Army Air Corps
CAPTAIN ORVIL A. ANDERSON

THE experiences of one Utah man who piloted the world's largest balloon to the "ceiling of the sky" are here dramatically described by another Utah man, Wilburn C. West, writer and interviewer of Captain Anderson. Mr. West is a native of Ogden, Utah, a former secretary of the Eastern States Mission, and a former scholarship student of the University of Utah. At the present time he resides in Washington, D. C., where he is a member of the District of Columbia Bar and is engaged also in editorial work with the National Geographic Society. The author, formerly a member of the George Washington University debating team for three years, now is also Washington Correspondent for World Radio, official organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation, London. Both the writer and the subject, Wilburn C. West and Captain Orvil A. Anderson, are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This article describes not only the world-acclaimed, record-making stratosphere flight, but also the colorful steps in the career of Captain Anderson which lead up to that achievement.

PLOTTING the world's largest balloon to the highest altitude man has ever attained is the achievement of Captain Orvil A. Anderson, a native of Springville, Utah, former student at Brigham Young University and a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The flight, made in stratosphere

EXPLORING THE STRATOSPHERE

WITH
CAPT. ORVIL A. ANDERSON

By WILBURN C. WEST

NEARLY TWO MILES HIGHER THAN MAN HAD EVER GONE BEFORE, IS THE ACHIEVEMENT OF CAPTAIN ANDERSON, PILOT OF STRATOSPHERE BALLOON EXPLORER II, IN A FLIGHT SPONSORED BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. IT IS A THRILLING STORY, BUT THE STORY OF A LIFETIME OF CONSISTENT PREPARATION AND A LONG RECORD OF LESSER ACCOMPLISHMENTS, IF LESS SPECTACULAR, IS NO LESS REMARKABLE.

balloon *Explorer II* on November 11, 1935, was sponsored by the United States Army and the National Geographic Society. The altitude attained was approximately fourteen miles—nearly two miles higher than any previous record.

On the occasion of presenting the Hubbard Gold Medal to Captain Anderson for this service, General John J. Pershing said: "You, Captain Orvil A. Anderson, piloted this aerial laboratory nearly two miles higher than man has ever flown before, and you brought to earth this unique cargo of scientific instruments as safely and as gently as if they had descended in an elevator."

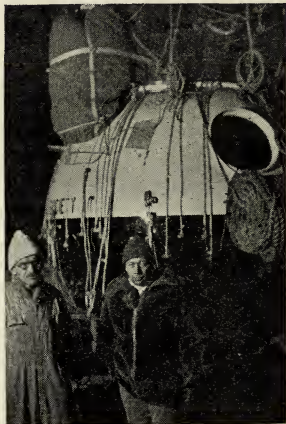
But this spectacular and world-acclaimed performance, dramatic details of which are recounted later in this article, is only one of Captain Anderson's remarkable accomplishments. And a few paragraphs devoted to the lifetime of preparation that led up to this achievement would not be spent amiss.

Captain Anderson was born at Springville, Utah, May 2, 1895, the son of James Anderson and Jensene Hanson Anderson. He attended the local grammar school, the Springville High School, and Brigham Young University. He enlisted in the army during the war, and has since made aviation not only his work, but his hobby.

Shortly after his enlistment in 1917, he served as balloon observation instructor at the Army Bal-

loon School in Omaha, Nebraska, and, after the Armistice, became attached to the Sixty-first Airship Company. A little later he was given command of the company.

Up to the time he took command of the Sixty-first Company the



©National Geographic Society

Captain Albert W. Stevens, left, and Captain Orvil A. Anderson, commander and pilot, respectively on the stratosphere flight, shown just before the take off from the stratosphere near Rapid City, South Dakota. Clad in heavy garments to protect them against the severe cold of the stratosphere, the flyers are ready to climb into the open porthole of their gondola, shown behind them. To the left above is the giant 80-foot parachute designed to break the fall of the gondola in case of accident to the balloon.

United States Army had never owned a dirigible. When officials of the War Department decided that the army should experiment with this type of craft, Captain Anderson transferred the Sixty-first Airship Company from Omaha to Langley Field, Virginia, where he set up an organization to receive and care for airships. There he helped organize the Army Airship School, and remained on the teaching staff until July, 1922, when he successfully flew the A-4, the army's first non-rigid training ship, to Scott Field, Illinois. Undoubtedly, the efficient manner in which he handled this undertaking had much to do with the next important assignment that came to him.

That was back at about the time when that intrepid "dawn to dusk" flier from Logan, Lieutenant Russell Maughan, another Mormon boy, was streaking his Curtiss biplane through the skies to fame by breaking the world's speed record at two hundred forty-eight miles an hour. But another Utah youth, Captain Anderson, was then winning his spurs with craft lighter than air.

In those days "blimps" were almost wholly in the experimental stage. No one knew how they would perform on long journeys. Few American fliers had experience with them. Even in Germany,

where Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin had built the world's first airship factory, ship after ship had been lost. In the fall of 1922, Lieutenant Anderson and seven other men were assigned to fly the C-2 from Langley Field, Virginia, across the United States to California and back. For this trip Captain Anderson was named pilot and navigator of the largest and finest dirigible then in the army service, for the most ambitious dirigible flight the army had yet undertaken.

IT WAS in every sense a pioneering project, this transcontinental trip. The fliers hoped to survey the country for an airship route across the United States, to locate emergency landing fields for airplanes and dirigibles, and to demonstrate the capabilities of ships lighter than air.

All went well on the trip from Virginia to Ross Field, California. But on the return, as the silver ship nosed its way across the desert, high over the sands of Arizona, trouble developed in the fuel lines. Spurts and sputters interrupted the steady drone of the two motors. To the crew's dismay, they found the lines could not be repaired in the air. A few minutes later the engines died. There was no alternative; a landing had to be made.

For a dirigible's safe landing or take-off, a ground crew is almost

imperative. Here there was no one on the ground to seize drag ropes and steady the descent. Captain Anderson valved out enough gas to bring the craft to earth. When the car slung beneath the bag struck the ground, a propeller was crushed. It gashed an eight-foot hole in the bag, out of which hydrogen began to escape. Had the men been less careful, an explosion would have blown craft and crew to bits. Quickly the men roped the ship to sagebrush. Fortunately, the wind was light, and not strong enough to buffet the ship and break the ropes or tear out the roots of the brush.

While gas was still pouring out, the men cemented a patch over the hole. Before the leak could be stopped, however, about 15,000 cubic feet of hydrogen escaped, greatly lessening the ship's lifting power. Then they repaired the fuel lines, so that, under the power of a single motor, the craft pulled off. All equipment and three members of the crew were left behind to reduce the load. Only about an hour and a half elapsed between the forced landing and the take-off. In that hour and a half, Captain Anderson, with fellow members of the crew, performed a feat that stands alone in aviation history. It is probably the only time that airship fliers, forced to land, have effected a major repair and taken off again success-

This photograph of the Explorer II was taken on the day of the record-breaking flight by Master Sergeant G. B. Gilbert, from an airplane piloted by Captain H. K. Baisley which followed the balloon. The tiny white speck below the huge bag is the spherical gondola which housed the crew and more than a score of scientific instruments.

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OUT OF THE STRATOSPHERE AND INTO THE
SUNLIGHT

The balloon Explorer II of the National Geographic-Army Air Corps Stratosphere Flight just after its take-off, as it emerged from the shadows of the snow-covered natural bowl in the Black Hills of South Dakota and entered the first rays of the early morning sun. Below the balloon is the take-off ring on the floor of the bowl with its circle of flood lights. To the right are the tents and buildings which housed scientists, soldiers and flight staff during the six weeks of waiting for favorable weather.

fully. At El Paso, Texas, the next stop, permanent repairs were made.

In that same year, 1922, Captain Anderson was twice commended by the Chief of the Army Air Corps. A recent bulletin of the Air Corps says the first occasion was for "the creditable manner in which he performed his duties as a member of the crew of the Airship C-2 on its round trip transcontinental flight," and the other "for his skill and courage in successfully landing, with but minor damage, and with no injury to any member of the crew, a pony blimp during the course of a flight from Scott Field, Illinois, to Bynum, Alabama. Unable to land the blimp due to unforeseen high wind and motor failure, Captain Anderson successfully effected a rip landing."

He had tried to bring the craft down several times, but because of a forty-mile-an-hour wind was unsuccessful. Once, as he hovered the ship over a landing field, the ground crew grasped the drag ropes to bring the blimp to earth. But before it could be lowered, a gust of wind swept it upward, jerking the ropes out of the men's hands.

The craft floated on for hours, buffeted by the gale, and darkness overtook the men. Shortly after midnight Captain Anderson heard the wind whistling through trees far below. Listening carefully, he concluded the rustling came not from a few trees only, but from many. Then came the thought: "Why not land in the forest, using the tree tops as a cushion?"

In order to lessen their load and reduce the hazards of such an attempt, the crew tossed out by improvised parachutes all of their equipment except a fire extinguisher or two, and some tools. It was so dark they could not see below, but the pilot valved out gas to descend. When he judged he was nearing the trees, Captain Anderson urged the other men to cling fast to the car so they would not be shaken out if it turned over as it struck. As it brushed the trees, the crew pulled the rip cord. The craft settled into the branches, anchoring itself about seventy-five or eighty feet off the ground! Next day four trees had to be chopped down to lower the blimp.

In 1923 Captain Anderson was temporarily employed as pilot of the Shenandoah. But one of his most important assignments came in 1925. The Chief of the Air Corps selected him to run service tests on the RS-1, the only semi-rigid ship ever built in this country, and the largest one ever operated by the army. Captain Anderson was asked to test the ship thoroughly, under all kinds of weather conditions, and to make a report, telling whether or not he thought it advisable for the army to build up a force of such ships.

He ran the tests for a year and a half, at the end of which time he recommended against acquiring additional ships of that type. No semi-rigid craft has since been constructed in America.

WHILE ON duty a few years ago in the Philippine Islands, 1928-29, Captain Anderson was chosen to fly a plane to a landing field eighty miles north of Manila and bring back an officer's wife who was

ill, and whose very life depended upon an emergency operation. He flew to the field and landed, but the woman was not there. Upon making inquiry, he learned that she had taken ill eighty or one hundred miles from the airport and was being brought to the field by ambulance. Captain Anderson took off in his plane immediately and flew over the road until he met the ambulance, some sixty miles away. He landed in a rice field at the side of the highway and transferred the patient to the plane. They arrived at the hospital four hours earlier than would have been possible had the pilot waited at the airport for the ambulance. A week or so later, Captain Anderson received a letter of commendation from his superior officer, General Douglas MacArthur. The operation was successful and the woman recovered.

The Utah Captain was the first man ever to anchor an airship in the open sea. In June, 1933, he took command of the TS-13, a non-rigid coast patrol ship, and ran service tests with it for about six months. During this period, he designed a canvas sea anchor with which he successfully anchored the ship many times at sea.

In the spring of 1934, Captain Anderson took part in another aerial survey of the United States. With Major William E. Kepner, he sought a suitable place for making a balloon flight into the stratosphere. The location had to be one from which the craft could float several hundred miles with the wind and still be over land when it came down. The place had to be protected from ground winds, for a huge balloon could not be inflated while being billowed by brisk breezes. They found just the spot in the Black Hills of South Dakota, a few miles from Rapid City. A large natural bowl, surrounded by cliffs rising four hundred fifty to four hundred seventy feet high would give ample protection from the wind.

With the place of take-off selected, further preparations for a flight were soon under way, and on the morning of July 28, 1934, Major Kepner, Captain Albert W. Stevens, and Captain Anderson took off for the stratosphere. Their balloon, *Explorer I*, was the largest constructed up to that time, capable of holding three million cubic feet of gas. They soared upward to 60,613 feet above sea level. At that point, a rip in the bag, which had expanded

to its full capacity because of decreased atmospheric pressure outside, forced them to begin to descend. The tear grew larger and larger until one whole side of the bag was open. The remaining fabric served somewhat as a parachute for a time, and the gallant crew determined to stay aboard as long as possible.

As they neared the earth, what hydrogen yet remained in the bag exploded, literally blowing out the top. The hollow metal ball, or gondola, that enclosed the fliers plunged earthward at tremendous speed. To save their lives, the three men jumped out with parachutes. As the gondola crashed, many of the delicate instruments taken aloft were destroyed. For their heroic efforts to save the ship, the men were decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

THEIR SECOND attempt to conquer the stratosphere was made last July, one year after the first. Major Kepner found it impossible to take part, and Captain Anderson became pilot, instead of alternate pilot, of the new balloon, *Explorer II*. It was larger by seven hundred thousand cubic feet than the *Explorer I*. The *Explorer II*, the largest balloon ever built, had a capacity of three million seven hundred thousand cubic feet. The bag measured one hundred fifteen thousand eight hundred forty-five square feet, or two and two-thirds acres of fabric. The weight of the bag, gondola, instruments, and crew was fifteen thousand and two pounds.

To avoid another explosion, the men inflated the monster craft with helium rather than hydrogen, although the lifting power of helium is not quite so great as that of hydrogen. All night long gas poured into the bag from hundreds of metal containers stacked in the bowl. At dawn, just as the craft stood poised like a mighty exclamation point etched against the cliffs beyond, the fabric tore at the top. The helium rushed heavenward; the magnificent thing collapsed. More than two acres of rubberized cloth fell to the ground, almost trapping several men beneath its smothering folds.

Again disappointment. But no sooner had the bag fallen than Captain Stevens and Captain Anderson sought a way to try again. The fabric was shipped from the site of inflation back to the Goodyear-Zeppelin factory at Akron, Ohio. Workers went over it inch by inch to

find and repair all tiny flaws. By means of electric lights held under the cloth, they X-rayed it thoroughly. An entire new top, twice as strong as the original, was inserted.

In Washington, D. C., scientists of the National Bureau of Standards and officials of the National Geographic Society conferred with the balloonists to determine why the bag broke. They concluded the rip panel was at fault. This is the instrument that "rips" open the bag to free the gas just as the balloon lands so that the gondola will come to a dead stop and not be jounced along the ground. A panel of new design was inserted in the repaired balloon.

THOUGH preparations were completed by October first, proper weather for a flight did not occur until six weeks later. In the meantime snow fell. The ground crew, living in tents, became restless.

Then came word to inflate. On Sunday, November 10, 1935, Captain Randolph P. Williams, meteorological officer for the Expedition, announced that during the next twenty-four hours there would be very little wind over the huge natural bowl out of which the balloon was to rise. Better still, the sky would be almost cloudless over a large area so that observations and photographs could be made from the balloon during the flight.

Nearly four hundred men, mostly soldiers from Fort Meade, worked all night in near-zero weather to get everything ready for take-off. The balloon "grew up" in the shape of a giant mushroom as the gas poured in. Thirty-six ropes, attached near the top of the bag, held it in place during inflation. Three soldiers were assigned to each line. Two held it fast while the third warmed himself and received instructions at a nearby fire. Scientists checked and rechecked the instruments while photographers, newsreel cameramen, and radio technicians bustled from one task to another.

Next morning at seven o'clock (M. S. T.), the balloon, nearly two hundred feet in diameter, towered three hundred sixteen feet in the air,—about as high as a modern twenty-five story skyscraper. With men and instruments aboard, at 7:01 a. m., M. S. T., Captain Anderson shouted "Up Ship!" It was off.

The craft rose fifty feet, a hundred, then five hundred feet! Sud-



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ONE HOUR AFTER THE TAKE-OFF

The gondola of the balloon *Explorer II* photographed from an army airplane after it had been in the air one hour. The balloon, the bottom of which can be seen, towered three hundred sixteen feet into the air at the time of take-off, but in the upper atmosphere the gas expanded and rounded out the huge bag into a perfect sphere. On the right of the gondola can be seen the metal arm on the end of which was a small motor-driven fan, which served to rotate the balloon so that scientific instruments in the gondola could be pointed in various directions. This photograph was taken by Master Sergeant G. B. Gilbert from an airplane piloted by Captain H. K. Baisley which followed the balloon.

denly the twenty thousand shivering spectators who lined the cliffs of the bowl to watch the take-off held their breaths, for it seemed the ship, struck by a down-rushing current of air, would be driven into the mountainside. Quickly Captain Anderson dumped nearly eight hundred pounds of ballast with an electric switch. The craft responded,

lurched upward. By lightening the load, the pilot cleared the cliffs and skimmed over the people who were running in all directions to get out of the way. Captain Anderson said later his first sensation was that the bag had burst.

When the fliers were rising steadily, they made a final inspection of equipment, both inside and outside their hollow sphere. A radio-equipped airplane followed the big white "cloud" as it scudded through the sky, describing for listeners-in the progress of the two aeronauts until the balloon went higher than the plane could fly. After remaining outside on top of the gondola for about twenty minutes, the men crawled inside and with a tiny eight-watt transmitter, contacted the ground. Two-way conversations were held between balloon and ground almost constantly thereafter. Radio listeners heard the noise of instruments, grinding and clicking to gather and record new data.

At 9:07 a. m. the balloon had climbed twenty-one thousand feet and was rising three hundred feet a minute. By 9:25 it reached twenty-eight thousand feet, and Captain Stevens reported the temperature outside to be forty degrees Fahrenheit. Sealed tightly in their metal ball, the men released liquid air to keep alive. Three hours later, the balloon reached seventy-two thousand, three hundred ninety-five feet, its highest point. The sky below was white, shading into blue. Above was spread a sea of space so dark that it seemed almost black.

"At this point," Captain Anderson told the writer after he returned

to Washington: "we checked our remaining ballast carefully to be sure we were reserving enough for a safe landing."

"Then you used ballast in taking the ship up and in bringing it down too?" I ventured.

"Ballast adds weight, and of course helps somewhat in bringing a craft down. But to start the *Explorer II* into its descent, I had to valve out much of the gas in the bag. Sometimes I kept the valves wide open for a minute or a minute and a half. The balloon was stubborn. It didn't want to come down. Finally when it began to fall, it moved faster than we wanted it to. That is where the ballast came into play. To slow the craft's descent, we lightened the load by throwing off some of the fine lead shot. Not only did we dump ballast from the *Explorer II* to slow its approach to the earth, but in the final stage, we attached batteries and pieces of other heavy equipment to parachutes and tossed them out."

FROM ABOUT the sixteen thousand foot level, where Captain Stevens and Captain Anderson opened the manholes so they could climb outside, the craft responded readily to the pilot, and floated gently to earth. When it nearly touched the ground, both men threw their full weight on the rip cord to let out the gas. According to a man who was in the field at the landing, the gondola came down "light as a feather," tipped over on its side "with no bounce at all," and the empty gas bag fell in a heap to one side.

"In the final stages of the flight,"

said Captain Anderson after it was over, "we were amused at the automobiles trailing through the fields, intent on being with us at the landing. Even before we could get out of the gondola, a man peered in through one of the hatches, greeting us with a sheepish grin."

Half a dozen airplanes arrived almost immediately with workers who roped off a space around the balloon to keep away curious on-lookers. In an incredibly short time, the fliers were on their way to a farmhouse, safe, sound, and "able to walk away," as Captain Anderson put it. The landing occurred at 3:14 p. m. M. S. T., twelve miles south of White Lake, South Dakota, after eight hours and nine minutes in the air.

A week or two after the flight, the metal gondola, detached from the huge gas bag, was shipped to Washington, D. C., and placed on the front steps of the National Geographic Society's offices on Sixteenth Street.

Leaving the Society's premises in a taxi one afternoon, Captain Stevens asked the driver, "What is that curious thing perched there on the steps?"

"Why, haven't you heard? That is the stratosphere."

BACK TO EARTH FROM THE STRATOSPHERE

The fabric of the *Explorer II* as it appeared a few minutes after the balloon landed in a pasture near White Lake, South Dakota, climaxing a world's record flight to an altitude of 72,395 feet. The bag containing two and two-thirds acres of rubberized cotton is the largest ever built, having a gas capacity of three million seven hundred thousand cubic feet.



"Oh really," replied the Captain, "it floats?"

"Well, that isn't all of it," said the driver, a little taken back, "that is only the base. They took the top part off."

"Do you think those fellows really went as high as they claim?" queried Captain Stevens, testing the man's credulity.

"Yes," he admitted, "I guess they went that high all right, but I'd like to know what in thunder they did when they got up there!"

It may take months, possibly years, to find out just what the men did accomplish "up there." In his article, "Man's Farthest Aloft," published in the January 1936 issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*, Captain Stevens not only described the flight in detail, but told something of the scientific achievements.

Air transportation may some day move through the stratosphere, but before that era dawns, many questions must be answered. Are there steady prevailing winds high above the earth? Will it be possible for motors in heavier-than-air machines to function? Perhaps the experiments of the balloonists will tell.

Barometric and temperature changes were recorded automatically during the flight. Samples of stratosphere air were brought to earth. Living spores from bread and strawberry mold were taken aloft, to determine the effect of the stratosphere on them. One apparatus measured sky brightness at various heights to find the amount of light reflected by the earth, generally estimated to be six times as much as reflected by the moon. Cosmic ray observations were made, and other information about the mysteries of the void above the earth was gathered. A battery of sixteen cameras, some of them automatic, had their lenses focused on dials and meters to photograph variations registered by the instruments.

Lantern slides were later made from some of the photographs and shown by the fliers, along with motion pictures of the flight, to nearly seven thousand members of the National Geographic Society who assembled to honor the men on December 11, 1935. It was on that occasion when General John J. Pershing presented Captain Anderson and Captain Stevens each with a Hubbard Gold medal, the highest award of the National Geographic Society. Only ten persons had pre-



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A LANDING WITHOUT EVEN A BOUNCE

The gondola of the Explorer II just after it landed in a pasture south of White Lake, South Dakota, at 5:13 p. m., M. S. T., November 11, 1935. The gondola tipped on one side as it landed, and the load-ring to which the balloon ropes were attached is shown. In the foreground is the eighty-foot giant parachute designed to break the gondola's fall in case of disaster to the balloon.

viously been so honored, among them being Colonel Lindbergh and Admiral Byrd.

THE OFFICIAL title of Captain Orvil Anderson is "Pilot of Stratosphere Balloon Explorer II" and he now lives at Kelly Field, Texas, where he is an instructor. Right now he has a leave of absence and will combine vacationing with work, making a few lecture engagements en route, presenting to the public for the first time, the official motion pictures and color screen studies of the recent stratosphere flight of the *Explorer II* which broke all altitude records.

While stationed at Omaha in

WHEN GOD SPEAKS

By Clara Horne Park

GOD SAID to me on a quiet day,
The day of my birth—"You're going away

On a visit to Earth, my son," He said.
With a kindly touch on my arm He led
Me through paths of flow'rs and blossoming trees.
"Drink your fill," He said, "and remember these:

The beauty and grace of all things we pass—

The roses, the lilies, the waving grass.
Go thou down to Earth; make gardens like this

For the sun to warm and the rain to kiss."

So now, in the hush of the quiet night,
In the heat of the day or soft twilight,
I look out upon the wonders I've wrought,
For the earth at my bidding's a garden spot.
My wearied back aches—my strength is near gone—

Yet something within me urges me on,
For God said to me, on a quiet day:

"Make a garden on Earth; now go thy way."

1919, Captain Anderson married Miss Maude L. Miller. She has constantly encouraged him in all his achievements. During the recent stratosphere flight, she was at the "stratocamp" and talked with him by radio while he was in the air.

Throughout the summers of 1934 and 1935, a young representative from the National Geographic Society, who went to Rapid City for all three flight attempts, came in frequent contact with Captain Anderson. After the young man returned, he told the writer across a luncheon table that of all the men he had ever known, he thought Captain Anderson one of the finest examples of what a man *ought* to be.

"He is diplomatic, yet firm. When he gives an order, he does it with a smile.

"But most of all," said my friend, "I think I admired Captain Anderson for defending his religion when that subject arose."

There was a moment's silence.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "when I reach his age, I'd like to be as forceful, as courteous, as level-headed, and as genuine as Captain Anderson."



ANNIE WELLS CANNON

THE SIGNIFICANCE of MOTHERHOOD

By ANNIE WELLS CANNON

Of the General Board of the National Woman's Relief Society

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD THE WORD
MOTHER HAS SOUNDED THROUGH THE AGES AS THE
MOST SACRED EMBLEM OF WOMANHOOD.

most sacred emblem of womanhood.

The burden placed upon Eve that she bear her children in travail and sorrow has been gladly borne by woman even though she pass into the shadow of death for the experience of joy when her own little child is first placed in her arms. Then the soul is lifted to supreme heights in the selfless love of motherhood. The everlasting and divine significance of motherhood is epoch-making along the annals of time. History reveals outstanding names of women whose motherhood, no matter what the sacrifice—and sacrifice is sweet to mothers—has been crowned with fame immortal. Childless Sarah gave to Abraham, her bond-woman Hagar, that he might know the joy of fatherhood. Sarah's reward was a child of her own and through her son Isaac she became the "mother of nations and of kings of people."

Deborah came to the rescue of her nation, not in her name of queen, but in her majesty of mother, for she said, and these words are significant, "I Deborah arose, that I arose a mother in Israel." In that guise she rebuilt her nation. Deborah gave in that statement the thought that mother-influence is a greater motivating power than rank or station. To have power as a mother in Israel was no less true in Deborah's day than in all time even in these latter days.

It has always been true of the Hebrew women that they held motherhood above all honors. In ancient times the childless women grieved and mourned and sacrificed and like Hannah, mother of Samuel, would joyously have dedicated their sons to the Lord's service, even to their own loss, if their prayers might have been answered as Hannah's were.

So it is today, for every woman is a potential mother and the maternal instinct is inborn. For those women to whom the power to bear children is denied, compensation is vouchsafed in fostering unmothered little ones and bestowing on such as these their tender care.

PRE-EMINENT before the world stands Mary, mother of the Christ—the incarnation of all the virtues of motherhood, to whom all women may well turn as the great exemplar; rejoice in her happiness, weep in her sorrow. Sweetly her story runs from first to last—from the manger, the adoration of the magi, to the crucifixion. Not the least entrancing part is the humanness of it all, though she was divinely blessed.

Like any other mother she suffered untold anxiety, when she thought her boy lost, as she journeyed back to Nazareth after attending the great festival of the Passover at Jerusalem. After searching among the company of friends and kinsfolk, she returned to the city with fear for His safety, searched the labyrinth of narrow streets and byways, and found Him at last in the temple listening and propounding questions to the learned doctors. When Mary, like any natural mother, expressed a reproof for so distressing time, was she amazed at His answer: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Perhaps she was, but always in her heart she remembered His strange sayings.

Again how human was her motherly pride at the Jewish wedding feast at Cana in Galilee when she observed the scarcity of wine and whispered to her son of the embar-

A MOTHER of twelve children, eleven of whom are still living, Annie Wells Cannon is admirably suited to write about the "Significance of Motherhood." In addition to this qualification, her long service with the Relief Society, beginning when she was fourteen years old and until the present time, makes her particularly interested in the responsibility which attaches to mothers. During the World War her ability was recognized with her appointment as the only woman state chairman for European Relief. Since the war, she has served as director on this committee, which has now turned its attention toward bettering conditions for children everywhere.

Annie Wells Cannon is the daughter of Daniel H. Wells, a warm personal friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith and of Brigham Young. Her mother was Emmeline B. Wells, president of the Relief Society for many years. From her parents she inherited a home environment which makes her know the values of parental influence on children.

From her keen interest in history, as evidenced from her having been the first president of the War Mothers and a charter member as well as a past president of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, she adequately searches through the annals of history, and here presents exemplary mothers as patterns for present-day mothers.

THE DOCTRINE of the oneness of parenthood—the father and mother in the heavenly home as portrayed in the Mormon hymn "O My Father," brings a vivid picture of the holiness of motherhood.

Since the beginning of the world when Adam called his wife's name Eve, "because she is the mother of all living," the word *mother* has sounded through the ages as the



rassment. She knew He could find a way, though she knew not how. Turning to the servants, she said, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." It was then she witnessed the miracle when water was turned to wine. Jesus did this for her sake, but it showed His power over the elements.

She must have known of His marvelous works and followed His teachings though it is not written to any extent in the scriptures, only here and there a phrase, as when she with others sought Him when He was teaching the multitude and He was told, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren await you without." Not going, he strangely answered, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." With an understanding heart she must have felt then, that His work came before her.

What she endured during His persecution, trial, the road to Calvary, no mortal can comprehend, for even with all her knowledge He was her son and not spared the agony of death. The story of that motherhood has furnished the most beautiful of all themes for the masters of art, music, and literature and is a glorious pattern of devotion for all women to ponder over and follow.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS of great men, according to their own testimony, are largely due to the inspiration and guidance of their mothers.

Among the Roman women was Cornelia, famed for her beauty, culture, wealth, and intellectual attainments. Though the wife of a Roman tribune who could command homage, when requested by a lady of Campania to show her jewels, she called her sons to her side and replied, "These are my jewels." This reply is said to be more often quoted, translated, and reflected upon than any other anecdote left us by the writers of antiquity. Cornelia was twelve times a mother but shortly after her widowhood was bereft of all her children except three, two sons and one daughter. To them she gave such care and devotion that she elicited the admiration of the world. Her misfortunes she bore bravely. Great as scholar and humanitarian, she is remembered today only for her motherhood. The statue erected in her honor reads: "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi."

Many women are only known to the world because they are the mothers of great men, yet a study of the characteristics of these distinguished sons, physical, mental, and moral, shows a strong likeness to the mother. It is written of Mary Washington that she was "deeply religious, industrious, courageous, and unyielding in purpose." How like the idolized George Washington! Her discipline was firm but gentle. In reproof for disobedience or neglect of duty she would have her children repeat many times over

the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" and then explain its meaning and promise. This was her method to impress upon their minds the dignity of motherhood. When Washington was elected president of the united colonies he made a farewell visit to his mother to receive her blessing. Both were much affected by this parting but especially her son, who held her in his arms and wept. The bravest in war but tenderest in heart! Only a wonderful mother calls forth such devotion.

AS WITH Mary Washington so it was with Nancy Hanks, mother of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. No two conditions of life could have been more different: one enjoying the ease and comfort of wealth, the other pioneering on the outskirts of civilization, struggling against poverty, ignorance, and ill health. The similarity lies in the truth that from each mother came the characteristics and training that gave greatness to their sons. Lincoln's countenance of homely strength, with the strangely keen deep-set eyes, was like his mother. The fact that she had only nine short years' association with her son should impress on every mother's mind that in early life the strongest impressions are made. In these precious nine years she taught the boy to read. She inspired within him courage to overcome adversity and to suffer evil rather than commit a wrong. "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." These words of his, so often quoted, tell volumes of her mother-love and training.

Lucy Mack Smith, mother of the prophet Joseph Smith, like the mother of Lincoln, was a typical American pioneer woman, knowing poverty, hardship, and sorrow on a frontier border; like her, too, though their paths never crossed, a mother of a son, martyred for his righteousness.

THE NAME of Lucy Smith may not be found among the great women of secular literature, but among the Latter-day Saints her name is held in reverence. She is endeared among her people, not only because she was the mother of Joseph and Hyrum, the martyred prophet and patriarch, but for her own qualities of heart and soul. One who knew her well, in the Nauvoo days, wrote of her in these words, "Lucy Smith impressed

me as a woman of great power and force of character. She seemed endowed by nature with rare gifts of prophecy, healing. She was one who gave spiritual comfort and consolation to the sorrowing and afflicted." She gave to her son Joseph from the first, support and sympathy in his work. In her record of his life she gives a sweet word picture of their family life, describing the home evenings when father, mother, brothers, and sisters gathered around this inspired youth to listen while he described the ancient inhabitants of this continent.

Among the pioneer mothers of Mormondom perhaps no one passed through more trying ordeals and came forth "tried as gold in the furnace of fire seven times purified" than Mary Fielding Smith, wife of the martyred patriarch and mother of Joseph F. Smith, sixth president of the Church. President Smith could never speak of his mother without tears welling up in his eyes. He grieved that she could not have lived long enough to share some of the prosperity of his later years.

Mary Fielding was a refined, educated young woman, who embraced the Gospel in England and came to America for her religion. She found herself among a driven and persecuted people. When her son Joseph was born, his father was confined under false charges in one of the meanest prisons in the state of Missouri. With the rest of the Saints this delicate and ill girl with her little son was driven from Missouri to Illinois.

Her fortitude and dignified bearing during all these trying days, even to the tragedy at Carthage, were a marvel to all who knew her. In the exodus from Nauvoo she drove her own yoke of oxen, bringing her little son, then eight years old, and other members of her family from these distressing scenes into another frontier. By her own industry, perseverance, and sagacity she made a home. She taught her family the truths of the Gospel and loyalty to authority. Instilled in their hearts by her own example honesty, industry, frugality, and faith. Her name is handed down in the history of her people as one of the bravest heroines and devoted mothers in all Israel.

"My mother has been to me the guiding star throughout my whole life" is the expression frequently made by President Heber J. Grant

when speaking of his mother—Rachel Ivins Grant. Her greatest gift to him was implanting a firm conviction of the truth of the Gospel and obedience to its laws, both by teaching and example:

THE POTENCY of the mother-influence in guiding the destinies of children is clearly manifest as one reflects on the lives of these notable mothers. The fact is evident that the stewardship of the child determines largely its future life.

In this constantly changing world conditions of family life necessarily change, but no matter what the change may be the sacredness and holiness of motherhood is eternal, for the child is the gift eternal. The standards of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have not varied in regard to parenthood with any changing condition. The young people who marry in the house of the Lord for time and eternity are admonished to regard parenthood as a sacred rite and holy blessing, and to that end be mindful of their stewardship. The most valuable gift that can come to earth through man is children. That this gift may be, it is imperative that men and women live clean, pure lives, for the possibilities of heredity are inexhaustible. No people have higher standards in that regard than do the Latter-day Saints.

The problems that confront the modern mother are more difficult and complex than those of the great

mothers of the past. With increased opportunities there are also more allurements for young people with the automobile, the cinema, the resorts, and the dance halls. It is therefore well to heed and ponder over some of the facts presented in these narratives, especially that one cannot begin too early to start life's training.

There is no period in family life so much like Paradise as during the early years with little children. All the work, care, and attention entailed are nothing when weighed in the balance with the joy and delightful entertainment of watching their development and spontaneous happiness in everything around them. Children give grace and beauty to the home, for they are lovers of all the natural beauty of the earth. They love the flowers of the hills and fields, the songs of birds in orchards and forests, the ripple of the brook, the sparkle of the sands, and the white caps of the waves. To the watchful mother these things also bring happiness and afford opportunity for many of life's sweetest lessons. This too is the most important time for parents to guard their own conduct for children are great imitators and just as likely to pick up parental hypocrisies and faults as virtues.

Motherhood is not just an ideal as the painter places it on his canvas or the poet in her rhythm, but a solemn reality and a grave responsibility. If the mother according to her knowledge and wisdom has endeavored to be neither too strict nor too lenient, neither too indulgent nor too parsimonious, but moderate and considerate, if she has taught both sons and daughters that righteous living is better than indulgence in unseemly conduct she at least may feel the comfort that her discipline was prompted for their welfare and in her judgment she tried to guide them aright. A mother's love is as unchangeable as the stars; even in the face of condemnation it endures when others fail. Every mother rejoices in the success of her children and sorrows in their misfortunes. The mother-love is the golden crown on the brow of woman whether her realm be a palace on the heights, or a cabin in the wilderness.

"Mother! we have all known her, not all of us in the same person, but the same aureole frames each separate face in the glory of its own divinity."

PIONEER MOTHER

By Christie Lund

IN SPOKEN word, in marble beauty, we

Pay tribute to you, Mother of the Plain,
Madonna of the wilds. In memory
Enshrined forever you will be—your pain,
Your awful loneliness, your steadfast strength,

Though it should be the whole, wide world
in length,

The hope that bade you follow where it led
Though it should cost the vanquished and
the dead.

O Noble woman! Faith has reached new
height,

And courage lifts her head in loftier grace
Since you have given the world the sacred
sight

Of motherhood supreme o'er time and
space.

Thank God for woman as divine as you
Who caught a vision and then made it true!

FIRST LATTER-DAY SAINT MOTHER

By E. CECIL
McGAVIN

LUCY MACK SMITH

SUPERIOR traits of character were the legacy of Lucy Mack from her mother Lydia Gates and her father Solomon Mack. Lucy Mack Smith was one of the most valiant, uncomplaining, and steadfast persons who assisted in laying the foundations of this latter-day work. "Mother Smith," as she was affectionately called by her many friends, had nerves of steel, yet was as sympathetic as a child.

To Joseph Smith and Lucy Mack ten children were born.

Mother Smith's first great sorrow was in the autumn of 1823, when their eldest son, Alvin, twenty-five years of age, died from an overdose of calomel. Her next great sorrow came in the autumn of 1840, when her husband passed away. A few moments before he died he said to his wife: "Mother, you are one of the most singular women in the world. You have brought up my children for me by the fireside, and, when I was gone from home, you comforted them. . . . We have often wished that we might both die at the same time, but you must not desire to die when I do, for you must stay to comfort the children when I am gone." In August of 1841 Mother Smith's youngest son, Don Carlos, twenty-five years old, passed away.

After three years of comparative peace, the sad news of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum spread through Nauvoo, bringing grief and sorrow to their thousands of friends. Still the strong spirit of that little woman was unbroken. Within a month after the secret burial of the martyrs, another son, Samuel, thirty-six years old, died of a broken heart, occasioned, it is said by the assassination of his brothers.

During all of Mother Smith's afflictions, President Brigham Young and the Twelve were solicitous of her welfare and always anxious to contribute to her comfort and happiness.

A notation in the Journal History for August 2, 1845, reads: "In the afternoon President Brigham Young

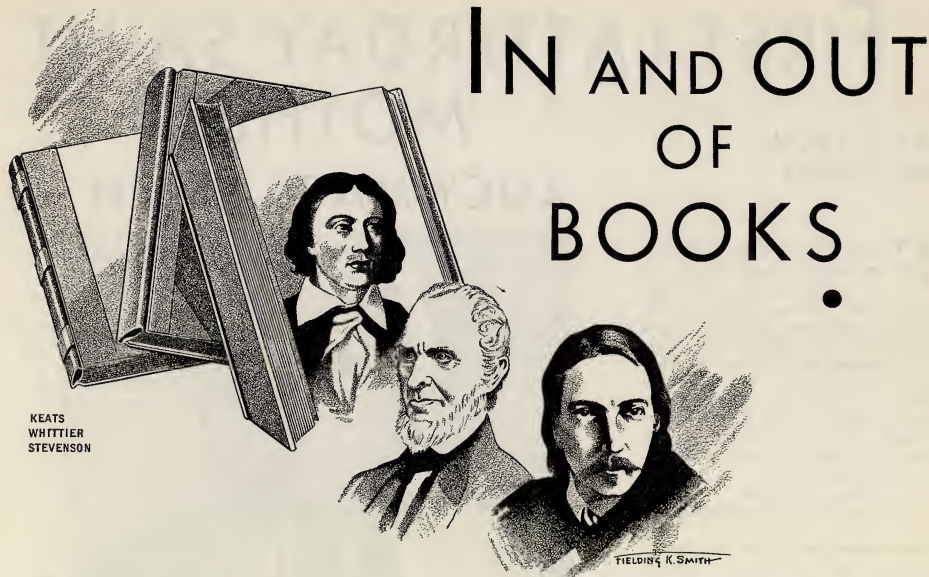


rode out in the new Church carriage with Brother Heber C. Kimball and the bishop to look at two blocks of Emma Smith's which she had agreed to sell the Trustees for \$550. They selected Blocks 96 and 97 and then went to Mother Lucy Smith's and brought her in the carriage to choose which of the two blocks she would have deeded to herself and her daughters. She selected Block 96 and desired to have the Church build her a house like Brother Kimball's."

Another reference reads: "Wednesday, October 8: The general conference was continued in Nauvoo. . . . Mother Lucy Smith, the aged and honored parent of Joseph Smith, was invited upon the stand. She spoke at considerable length. . . . She commenced by saying that she was truly glad that the Lord had let her see so large a congregation. . . . She warned parents that they were accountable for their children's conduct; advised them to give them books and work to keep them from idleness; warned all to

be full of love, goodness, and kindness. . . . She wished to know of the congregation, whether they considered her a mother in Israel—(upon which President B. Young said: 'all who consider Mother Smith a mother in Israel, signify it by saying yes!—One universal 'Yes' rang throughout.) . . . I feel that the Lord will let Brother Brigham take the people away. Here, in this city, lie my dead; my husband and children; and if so be the rest of my children go with you, (and I would to God they may all go,) they will not go without me; and if I go, I want my bones brought back in case I die away, and deposited with my husband and children."

When her family did not follow Brigham Young, Mother Smith continued to reside in the Mansion House with her daughter-in-law, Emma Smith Bidamon. On May 5, 1855, she fell asleep and was buried near her loved ones by the grand old river which had witnessed her many triumphs and tragedies.



KEATS
WHITTIER
STEVENS

ALL HAIL MACBETH! What an astonishing fellow he is. A gory murderer but how he liked to talk—and what talk:

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, Out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage

And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

From the ruin of his brave life rose immortal words. They move with the stately smoothness of a minuet and flash unforgettable pictured comparisons. The poor player, how temporary he is, his creations dying with him. Cinema actor Valentino—well do I remember the fame of his little day! But how quickly he strutted to oblivion. Life is like that sometimes. From dust thou art to dust returnest. Dusty death. It's all there—in those two little words. What an opportunity in Shakespeare to hear men and women discourse, from Dame Quickly to Desdemona, from fish-like Caliban to Hamlet.

Poets do have powerful utterance. The old patriarch, Tennyson, for instance, took thirty-nine short words and did more with the eagle, for me, than thirty-nine millenniums had done:

By DR. N. A. PEDERSEN

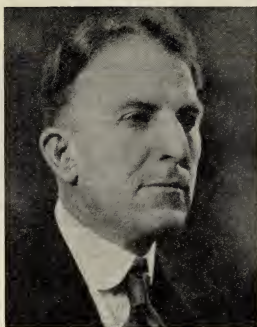
*Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences
and Professor of English, U. S. A. C.*

"He clasps the crags with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands
Ringed with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

That bird could never be mewed up. One might as well try to put all outdoors into a cage. But poets speak like that. They just play with everything, seem to make it twice as nice as reality, but win acceptance. Why, Robinson Jeffers convinces one that pelicans are more interesting than nightingales until one reads John Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale," written on brown paper, perhaps, while he was selling headache powders in a London drug store. In both instances, perceptions, heretofore held adequate, are enlarged and intensified. This is the service of the poet to unseeing natural man. Jeffers' "tragic drum-roll beating anger" cannot be ignored. Like many of his other pieces, his recent poem "Solstice" is pretty grim. Read it. On coming to the latter part you will be lifted up by the power of the poetry as if Tennyson's eagle had seized you "with hooked hands."

When poets like Francis Thompson, George Herbert, John Donne, or Whittier start expatiating on faith, only a fool could disbelieve. And love! No one ever seriously loses faith in that, in spite of a few adolescent modern writers. But if ever accosted by doubts, read "The Sonnets of the Portuguese." They, alone, will make you feel ashamed. If not, add to them Browning's *Ring and the Book* and learn of the love of Pompilia and Caponsacchi and much else besides.

Sometimes poetry makes the head ache because it is composed on the principle of a maximum of thought in a minimum of words. Browning's occasional obscurity made at least one cultured Briton feel, on attempting to read him during convalescence from illness, that he was losing his mind. And Whittier burned a copy of *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman when it first fell into his hands. I wonder if T. S. Eliot himself thoroughly understands *Waste Land*, which is mere hodge-podge to some readers, and to others "finest contemporary expression of the plight of a generation."

SKETCHES BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

N. A. PEDERSEN

AS STUDENT and teacher, and as a devoted lover of the written and spoken word, the author has spent many years gathering good things from the world's finer books. Dr. N. A. Pedersen, Dean of the school of Arts and Sciences and Professor of English at the Utah State Agricultural College, received his A. B. degree from the University of Utah, his Master's degree from Harvard University and his Ph. D. from the University of California. Says Dr. Pedersen: "I believe a teacher's calling is a high one, and I have dedicated my life to it without reserve."

With this ideal as guide, and with good books as traveling companions, Dr. Pedersen here takes his readers on a delightful journey "In and Out of Books."

Often help is needed. Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry* is good headache powder. So are the studies of George Santayana, poet, critic, philosopher. Says he:

"The poet dips into the chaos that underlies the shell of the world and brings up some superfluous image, some emotion dropped by the way, and re-attaches it to the present object; he reinstates things unnecessary; he emphasizes things ignored; he paints in again into the landscape the tints which intellect has allowed to fade from it. If he seems sometime to obscure the fact, it is only because he is restoring an experience. The first element which the intellect rejects in forming its ideas of things is the emotion which accompanies the perception; and this emotion is the first thing the poet restores. He stops at the image because he stops to enjoy."

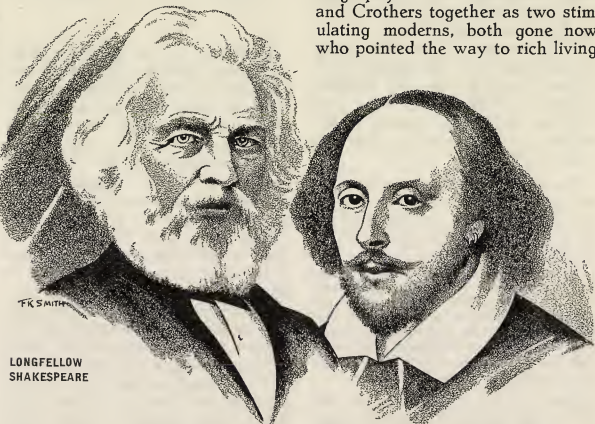
See what poetry did, particularly Wordsworth's, in the reanimating of John Stuart Mills' heart and the restoring of his emotional happiness.

Santayana not only thinks well but he writes with beauty. I have never read *The Life of Reason*, his masterpiece, but I now vow to do so. Other helpers to poetic enthusiasm

are Auslander and Hill. Eight years ago they wrote a book about poetry and poets called *The Winged Horse* which whets the appetite for a ride upon its back. So does A. E. Housman's *The Name and Nature of Poetry*. I always perk up when a poet speaks of poetry. Housman here tells, among other things, how poetry is made. With him the process is one of bodily exudation distantly like that of the pearl's coming from the oyster, during which process the poet is continuously excited, the result being not so much thought as beauty. Just where does that conception place:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

THIS is not to condemn the ballads and sonnets of Longfellow, be it understood. *The Name and Nature of Poetry* will lead you to try the lyrics of *A Shropshire Lad* on your

LONGFELLOW
SHAKESPEARE

poetic flute. They play divinely ironic tones that make life seem all the more precious. Permit a digression. If you want more Shropshire visions read the novels of Mary Webb, *Precious Bane*, *The Golden Arrow*, and *Gone to Earth*. G. K. Chesterton has a preface to the second, worth a deal of thought. It may send you to Hardy for reading or re-reading to enable comparison with Webb and acceptance or rejection of G. K. as a critic.

Poetry challenges the mind. The

natural man, unlike literary men, wants its fruits without effort. Paul Elmer Moore, author of the *Shelburne Essays*, read *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* again and again during his summer vacations near the Atlantic. Samuel McChord Crothers used to read regularly, at Christmas time, Milton's "Ode to the Nativity." Once I heard Richard Greene Moulton recite from memory "The Book of Job." George Herbert Palmer memorized eighty-seven Shakespearean sonnets during his freshman year at college. Such men are exemplary of a vigorous acceptance of poetry's challenge.

Do you know George Herbert Palmer's incomparable prose translation of *The Odyssey* and his *Life of Alice Freeman Palmer*? Upon a plaque at the foot of the bell-tower in Reynolds Hall at the University of Chicago are these words:

"Joyfully to remember Alice Freeman Palmer, Dean of Women, these bells make music."

She was a great spirit, joyfully remembered, too, in her husband's biography of her. I think of Palmer and Crothers together as two stimulating moderns, both gone now, who pointed the way to rich living.

The latter's "The Gentle Reader" and his other essays are not only delightful in themselves but open tracks to much other reading of delight and profit.

Among essayists, David Henry Thoreau has long been one of my loves. He stimulates like a cold plunge and always sows the seed of thought. A half-hour's dip into *Walden* or *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* always brings the full cup. Examples will illustrate his quality. The old

brown-coated fisherman is thus memorably delineated:

"His fishing was not a sport, nor solely a means of subsistence, but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles."

Elsewhere Thoreau says:

"Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How would I have looked him in the face?"

One can appreciate the tradition that Thoreau worked his way through Harvard by writing themes for freshmen. He writes with sustained excellence. *Macbeth* and *Henry IV* have told us how blessed a thing is sleep; David Henry, how blessed to awake from it. He withdrew from the town to the woods in order to live deliberately. His essays, recording this achievement, are a cool hand upon the brow of a confused and feverish age.

Carlyle says: "Do not be afraid of the man with the seeing eye!" Thoreau had it. So did Richard Jeffries, as "The Open Air" and "Life in the Fields," joyous essay-pictures of Southwestern England, attest. Observe:

"Southwards, the full moon, a red yellow disk, shone over the wheat, which appeared the finest pale amber. A quiver of color—an undulation—seemed to stay in the air, left from the heated day: The sunset hues and those of the red-tinted moon fell as it were into the remnant of day, and filled the wheat: They were poured into it, so that it grew in their colors. Still heavily the shadows deepened in the elms: All was silence, save for the sound of the reapers on the other side of the hedge, slash-rustle, slash-rustle, and the drowsy night came down as softly as an eyelid."

HERE is more than meets the eye of the ordinary observer, more than the pleasure of mere recognition. Here is the something beyond, which makes literature in whatever form, and which distinguishes such a writer as Sinclair Lewis, important as he is, from the great.

George Macaulay Trevelyan of Cambridge University is not without that quality. He writes history which all enjoy. Says he: "I cannot abandon the old idea of history that was once popular in England, that the same book should make its appeal both to the general reader and the historical student."

"Blenheim" does just that. Mention is made of Trevelyan here because I lately chanced to read an essay from his *Clio, A Muse*, on "Walking." Try it. It may stand you in good stead when your body and mind are out of gear and you have learned that the world was not created especially to make you happy. DeQuincey, calculated, says the writer, that Wordsworth walked one hundred eighty thousand English miles, the result being happiness and poetry.



It is easy to get on good terms with essay writers. They are frank, confidential, self-revealing, and consequently must have selves that are attractive. Montaigne, the inventor of the familiar essay, and Robert Louis Stevenson had just such personalities, as did Charles Lamb, probably the prince of them all. Not to enjoy "Dream Children" and "Roast Pig" from "The Essays of Elia" is proof that you are not one of the elect, as not to enjoy Keats is proof that pure poetry is not for you. And to be unacquainted with "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" is stark personal deprivation. They contain Gissing's matured estimates of the classics he loved, as well as his calm reflections upon life. Elegantly and chastely written these essays have the repose of a Sabbath day and the serenity of *The Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, another genuine expression, this time from the ancient world, of the "peace of a really triumphant soul."

Such books suggest a second branch of personality literature, the friendly letter. How delightful and revealing are those of the Carlyles, Dorothy Osborne, Cowper, Shelley, Fitzgerald. This branch divides again into biography that has flourished profusely from *Plutarch's Lives* to Strachey's *Queen Victoria* and

Ludwig's *Bismarck*, and into such revealing autobiographies as that of H. G. Wells.

Alfred N. Whitehead makes an important observation in *Science and the Modern World*, especially applicable to the reading of novelists and dramatists:

"When man ceases to wander, he will cease to ascend the scale of being. Physical wandering is still important, but greater still is the power of man's spiritual adventures—adventures of thought, adventures of passionate feeling, adventures of aesthetic experience."

For twenty-five years, it is said, the poet William Ellery Leonard has confined himself to a self-imposed prison of six city blocks because of a strange fear of distance. Not many are so afflicted with geographical phobia, but many are afraid of ascending the scale of being through mental traveling. They read little and then, stultifying as it is, only for confirmation of what they already think and in order to experience, in reading, the monotonous emotions of their own petty lives. Little is gained from such a narrowing process. The very purpose of epic, novel, and drama is to take us into uncharted seas, not to escape life but to escape spiritual death. Otherwise what tame *Odysseys* our life stories will be.

Hence we read Dostojewsky's *Crime and Punishment* not only for its Russian background but to experience the tempestuous life of Raskolnikoff. What a harassed soul. How fully the author gives the mental and emotional reactions of the criminal to his crimes. This is a fine illustration of a completely developed character without blur.

IT MAY be just as important to know figures like this one and Hurstwood in Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, another full-length portrait, as it is to

know Jean-Christophe, the completely delineated artist of Romain Rolland's masterpiece, written to give joy and hope to the reader. Such knowledge helps us see life steadily and see it whole, a feat growing increasingly difficult. Books of this sort are adventures of the mind, travel pieces for the spirit, without which we cannot ascend the scale of being or understand the world in which we live and the times and conditions from which we are emerging.

Again, familiarity with Christian Wahnschaffe from *The World's Illusion* will alone take you into the heart of pre-war Europe resting, as Wassermann well knew, upon wretchedness and crime. Thomas Mann has now finished two volumes of his trilogy depicting New Testament characters and scenes: *Young Joseph* and *Joseph and His Brothers*. To ignore them is to miss an opportunity to understand an age that underlies our Christian civilization. Philosophical parts of these novels are difficult reading but the narrative is straight-forward and the characterization is superb.

Novels dealing with more homely material, if done by writers with the seeing eye, are also mental, emo-

thor, Cervantes, Laurie Magnus writes in his *A History of European Literature*:

"So the lean years went by, till, at last, at Valladolid, in the year 1603, and at the rate of a chapter or two a week, with but the stump of a left hand to hold down the leaves of his note book, this middle-aged, silver-bearded, weather-beaten soldier and collector wrote the first part of *Don Quixote* and made himself immortal—This hunting ground for scholars, this mosaic of romantic antiquaries (referring to the chivalric romances) was transformed by the genius of Cervantes into the grandest story book for men and boys which has yet been composed."

How grand this book is and how clearly its message bears upon our own age of transition and reconstruction it were best to let the reader discover or re-discover for himself.

Drama, because of its brevity, is more difficult than the novel. The reader needs the help of the actor, yet in the private theatre of the imaginative brain the play is potent. When Joseph Wood Krutch, eminent American critic, first read Shaw's *Man and Superman* he exclaimed with delight that he had no idea such writing was being done. It gave him a new point of view, a new attitude towards the problem of life. Shaw, Ibsen, Galsworthy,



WORDSWORTH

A WORD ABOUT guides to reading. Book lists are many and often made by competent appraisers. One such is "One Hundred Best Books" published in the *American Magazine*. The author, Will Durant, reads omnivorously and thinks well. His list is provocative. Another is "Good Reading," a guide for college students and adult readers, briefly describing about a thousand books, enjoyable to read and largely available in inexpensive editions. The editing has been done by thirty-five professors of English, deans, and librarians, representing as many colleges and universities. In pamphlet form it may be obtained for twenty cents from the National Council of Teachers of English, 211 West 68th Street, Chicago. Besides such helps, there are the various book-of-the-month clubs, directed by competent critics. All these helps are excellent for those who need them. They are, however, external guides for readers who are unwilling or unable to lead themselves. But all such made-to-order aids are hardly personal enough for what is, after all, the most personal of human adventures.

The best guide is one's own spirit, which is occasionally seized with "immortal longings" that can be satisfied only by the particular book which speaks to a particular soul crisis. Sir Philip Sidney said, "Look into thine own soul and write." He might have said with equal force, "Look into thine own soul and read." The most stimulating essay it has been my pleasure to read, is that of the poet Virginia Moore, entitled "Desultory Reading." Get the "Bookman" for December, 1930, and set your soul a-sail.

THOREAU
CHESTERTON

tional, and aesthetic travel mediums. Jane Austen deals with matters of homely detail through which significant characters are displayed. Recently I read two rather slight books, Carroll's *As the Earth Turns* and *The White Gate* by Deeping—slight, that is, compared with *Jean Christophe*, *Henry Esmond*, or *Anna Karenina*—yet each added unto me. Not great books, yet Odysseys on a small scale. Read them between times and then go back to *Don Quixote*. Of the au-

Gerhart Hauptmann, and O'Neill opened the closed windows of preconceived notions and sent a draft of air through. It is said now by an eminent critic that Clifford Odets is just setting out on a career which promises to be comparable to that of Ibsen. The reader in the first-line trenches will want to watch him. Discovering an author, be he poet or writer of prose, is one of life's keenest delights, akin to that of Keats when he first read Chapman's "Homer."

INTRODUCTION

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS have ever been a singing people. Some of our greatest sermons and messages have come through the avenue of song. The Lord Himself acclaimed the power of music when, in July, 1830, only three months after the Church was organized, He gave a revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith, directed to Emma Smith, part of which reads as follows:

"And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my Church. For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you that this is my voice unto all."

Emma Smith selected the hymns, and two volumes were published—the first in 1835 with ninety selections, the second in 1841 with three hundred forty selections. These hymns were for the most part those already in use; nevertheless, there were a number of talented hymnologists in the Church at that time, notably W. W. Phelps and Parley P. Pratt, and Emma Smith's compilations contained many of their contributions. These early hymns expounded the truths of the newly revealed Gospel and gave the songs of the Church their distinctive characteristics. A revised hymn book in general use for many years was published by Brigham Young in 1840. Twenty-five editions of this little volume were published.

Prior to the arrival in Salt Lake valley most of our songs were put to old tunes already used by the people and whose composers were not known; and even afterwards war tunes and love ditties were commandeered to fit the inspirational hymns.

No exclusive inspiration or honor is claimed by the Latter-day Saints for music and song; we are indebted to Isaac Watts, Charles and John Wesley, Dwight L. Moody, Henry F. Lyte, James Montgomery, Bishop Ken, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and others, for many hymns and songs that are in harmony with our faith.

Many of our favorite hymns were written under trying and sometimes tragic circumstances. They have cheered the Saints in time of trouble,

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

By GEORGE D. PYPER

I. O My Father, by Eliza R. Snow

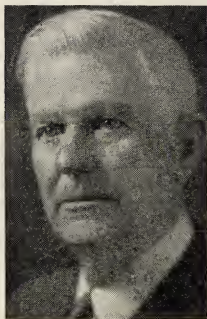
ELIZA ROXEY SNOW SMITH

MANY biographical stories of Eliza Roxey Snow Smith have been published. From thirty-five of these the factual data contained in this brief sketch are gleaned.

This remarkable woman, one of the most noted among the women of Mormondom, was born January 21, 1804, in Beckett, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. She was the second daughter of Oliver and Rosetta L. Pittbone Snow. Her grandfather was a revolutionary soldier. In 1806 the family, consisting of the parents and two daughters, moved to Mantua, Portage County, Ohio; there five other children were born.

Though Baptists, the Snows were friends to people of all denominations, and their door was open to all of exemplary habits. The children were cultured and trained in all of the Christian virtues. Eliza was especially gifted as a writer of poetry. At the early age of twenty-two she gained considerable local fame by writing, at the request of a number of newspapers, a requiem for John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both of whom passed away on the same day—the day of days to Americans—July 4, 1826. Her poems brought her into close acquaintance with many notable scholars and theologians among whom were Alexander Campbell, organizer of the Campbellite church, and his fellow-worker, Sidney Rigdon, who later became associated with the Latter-day Saints.

Eliza's mother and sister, having joined the Church, she herself after a thorough investigation, became converted and was baptized April 5, 1835. Late in the same year she left her home and moved to Kirtland where she taught a select school for girls, and for a while was gov-



GEORGE D. PYPER

THE HYMNS we sing, speak what we are and what we believe. Faith and sorrow, hope and courage, trust and obedience, joy and thanksgiving—all are spoken from the heart in the songs men sing. George D. Pyper, Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union, former manager of old Salt Lake Theater and one of the West's most beloved showmen, writes here as a member of the Church Music Committee in the first of a series that will tell, from month to month, the story of some of the hymns that are sung by the Latter-day Saints.

buoyed them up in their faith, and helped them to "stand firm under the pressure of life."

It is the purpose of the writer to tell the stories of some of these hymns, and inasmuch as May is the month in which "Mothers' Day" is celebrated and the third stanza of "O My Father" deals with a mother in heaven it is thought most appropriate to begin the series with that hymn written by the poetess, Eliza R. Snow Smith.

erness in the Prophet's family. There her facile pen was kept busy. Under the inspired teaching of the Latter-day Prophet, she advanced in the knowledge and understanding of the Gospel and her whole life became devoted to its spread. Her poems now breathed the inspiration of the new-found truth, catching the glorified vision of her prophet-teacher.

Eliza's father, after his conversion, soon brought the mother, brothers and sisters to Kirtland. In 1836 they moved to Far West. From Far West the family moved to Adam-Ondi-Ahman, from which place they were driven and suffered the persecutions incident to those gloomy days. Back to Far West the family moved, then in 1839 to Quincy, Illinois, and next to La Harpe. Later the family settled in Commerce, afterwards named Nauvoo.

In Nauvoo, Eliza again taught school and wrote much. It was here that she wrote "O My Father," the hymn that has preserved her name among the great.

When the first Relief Society was organized, March 17, 1842, Eliza R. Snow was its secretary. On June 29, 1842, she was sealed to Joseph Smith for time and eternity in the celestial law of marriage. On June 27, 1844, the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were martyred.

Grief-stricken but undaunted, Eliza became more devoted than ever to her husband's cause. She was in the exodus of February 28, 1846, wrote comforting songs for the people, and drove an ox team part of the way to Winter Quarters. Her father and mother both died at Walnut Grove, Illinois. She began the pioneer journey in June, arriving in Salt Lake Valley in October 1847. There she was given a home by Brigham Young to whom she was married in 1849, and lived in the Lion House until the time of her death.

From the time of her arrival in Salt Lake Valley until the time of her demise the life of this gifted woman was a busy one. She had charge of the women's work in the Endowment House. In 1866 she was set apart to preside over the Relief Societies of the wards and stakes of Zion, and labored in that capacity for twenty-one years. On October 20, 1872, Eliza began a nine months' journey to the Holy Land, visiting Liverpool, London, Belgium, France,

Genoa, Venice, Rome, Naples, Corfu, Alexandria, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Athens, Constantinople, and Vienna. This trip included a pilgrimage to the Mount of Olives where the land had been dedicated for the return of the Jews.* In 1875 a volume



ELIZA R. SNOW

O MY FATHER

By Eliza R. Snow

O MY FATHER, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside;
In my first primeval childhood
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth.
Yet oftentimes a secret something
Whispered, "You're a stranger
here;"

And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father,
Through Thy spirit from on high;
But until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason
stare!
Truth is reason, Truth eternal.
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, May I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
When, at length, when I've com-
pleted
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

was published by her containing
"Correspondence of Palestine Tour-
ists."

AFTER her return, Eliza, besides
engaging in numerous other ac-
tivities, assisted sister Aurelia Spen-

*At this date, May 3, 1936, there are reported to be three hundred thousand Jews in Palestine.

cer Rogers in organizing the first Primary Association. On July 17, 1880, she was set apart by President John Taylor as President of the Relief Societies in all the world. Zina D. H. Young and Elizabeth Ann Whitney were her counselors and Sarah M. Kimball her secretary. Temple work at St. George followed. On July 17, 1882, the Deseret Hospital was established with Eliza R. Snow as president.

In 1856 her first volume of poems was published; twenty years later the second volume appeared. A hymn book and tune book she also published. First and Second Speakers, collections of poems and readings for Primary Associations, are credited to her genius.

On December 5, 1887, in her eighty-fourth year, death claimed this remarkable woman. Funeral services were held in the Assembly Hall and interment was in President Brigham Young's private cemetery.

"O My Father"

O MY FATHER," by Eliza R. Snow, is considered one of the greatest of all Latter-day Saint hymns, because of its unusual doctrinal content, especially that contained in the third stanza. This remarkable verse projects a new thought into religious philosophy; namely, that we have a heavenly mother in the courts on high.

The hymn was written during a period of exciting conditions that finally had their tragic ending in the death of the Prophet and Patriarch. According to Orson F. Whitney, Eliza's marriage to the Prophet took place June 29, 1842. "O My Father" was written in 1843. So the poetess wrote it while she was the Prophet's wife. She was also a governess in his family. This close companionship gave her abundant opportunity to discuss with the Prophet many great and important things "pertaining to the kingdom of God."

It was during this period that Zina D. Huntington (afterwards Zina D. Young) was grieved over an unusual circumstance. Her mother, who had died some time before, had been buried in a temporary grave and it became necessary to remove the body to a permanent resting place. When the remains were exhumed it was discovered that they were partially petrified. It seemed to Zina as if the very foundation of the doctrine

(Concluded on page 314)



THE GEORGE V TRILOGY

By RAMONA W. CANNON

President of the Relief Society in the British Mission

THE CORONATION

ON JUNE 21, 1911, the eve of the coronation of King George V., I was seated in the Haymarket Theatre watching Sir Beerbohm Tree's performance of Henry VIII. A special feature had been introduced—a duplication of the scene which was to take place in Westminster Abbey in the morning when King George and Queen Mary would be crowned. That night the royal monarchs were Henry and Anne Boleyn, with the magnificent Wolsey (Sir Beerbohm) officiating. But the coronation robes, the Golden Ampulla (eagle) for the consecrating oil, the golden anointing spoon, and, as I recall, the actual St. Edward's crown and the royal sceptre, to be used on the morrow, had been graciously lent for this occasion. The Ampulla, crown, sceptre, and orb are kept behind iron bars in the Tower of London and, the night before a coronation, are brought to the Abbey and guarded in the Jerusalem chamber.

Seeing this Coronation scene before the Grand procession of the morrow was like reading the last chapter of an interesting book first, but it whetted rather than diminished interest. As we left the theatre, crowds were already lining up along the marching route.

By six in the morning, an incred-

ible flux of humanity was milling about, striving to hold places or to find better ones. It was remarkable how the policemen maintained discipline and inspired confidence among the crowds. It seemed that wherever one looked, one could see a towering, blue-helmeted figure with a black chin strap. Always with the sight came a sense of comfort. Cordons of policemen and of troops kept the crowds from breaking through the lines of march. The behavior of both the people and the bobbies could come only from a nation in whom is intrinsic love of things well ordered and completely done.

I had an excellent view of the procession. Each nation of the empire had contributed its best in art, beauty, and civilization, the flower of its military and court life, the most noble of its horseflesh. The stately rows of men and beasts filed by in kaleidoscopic splendor: scarlet and white uniforms, medals, and decorative orders! The amazing array of head-gear—hot, black bearskins; plumed and feathered helmets; cockades resting on powdered wigs of coachmen and footmen in livery; the dark sailor hats of the Yeoman of the Guard, with white flowers around the crowns, curious above the Elizabethan ruffs and scarlet-hooded capes. Jewelled turbans of silk swathed the heads of dark-skinned princes riding with dignity upon steeds that bore bridles and saddles encrusted with gems and

embroidery. One division wore caps made of jewels from which trailed bird of paradise aigrettes.

The Royal Pair themselves, richly robed and bejewelled, were regal indeed in their gilded state coach, drawn by eight matched white horses. Everywhere they were greeted with the wildest shouts of acclamation.

With time, details fade from memory, but one impression of that Coronation Day will always remain—the columns of marching horses—chestnut, bay, black, white horses, beautifully matched, and ridden in superb order. I had sat in the British Museum looking long at the frieze of the ancient Parthenon. The stately rhythm of that procession of marble horses, carved in bas relief, with upraised hoofs and curving knees, had flooded me with a sense of perfect beauty. Now before my eyes was such a scene with life breathed into it. There was the grace of movement of each spirited creature, the rhythm of sound as well as of motion, the three dimensional bodies, the shining coats, the flashing eyes.

THE JUBILEE

A FEW MONTHS before the Jubilee, we came to London as missionaries. It was interesting to watch the preparations for the sixth of May. Officials had decided that after all these smudgy centuries, London should have a clean face for this occasion. The upper pinnacles of part of the facade of Westminster Abbey were duly scrubbed with a powerful preparation and then washed with skimmed milk for preservative purposes.

The Jubilee floodlighting transformed many parts of London. The gardens of St. James' Palace might



H. M. THE KING, GEORGE V, SURROUNDED BY THE KNIGHTS OF THE BATH IN HENRY VII CHAPEL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, DURING THE CORONATION CEREMONY, JUNE 22, 1911.

have been another wonder of the world, with their rock grottoes, their fountains, their blossoms with hues transformed by the illumination. The yellow lighting of the imposing buildings along the embankment and their reflection in the Thames under a golden moon gave to old London a new and charming air of romance.

Standards were erected and draped in the red, white, and blue Jubilee colors along the route of the procession. There was no end to the neon lighting and to the festooned cellophane. The English love of flowers gave the most characteristic touch of all to the decorations. Nearly every window sill in London was made lovely with flower boxes. Many of these had been patterned patriotically in red, white, and blue blossoms. In all the embrasures of one large store in Oxford Street suddenly appeared dwarf evergreens and climbing rose trees, bearing masses of large pink blooms. The hard smoky walls were changed into a bower of loveliness.

For days before the Jubilee, the traffic jams were almost continuous and extended for miles. One could have walked across almost any street on the tops of tram cars and busses. One could think all the people in the world must have gathered for this event, and London seemed to be bursting, like a growing boy in last year's suit of clothes.

Hilarity was rampant. Hitherto the war tragedies, in which most families had suffered losses, had left their mark, and even holidays had been somewhat subdued. There was no trace of such a state of mind at the Jubilee.

Everyone was gay and expectant. People sat up all night, taking provisions with them, sleeping in windows, on the curbs, on beds of straw on the sidewalks, on plinths of monuments, on each other's shoulders. Cameramen were out snapping unsuspecting subjects for funny pictures.

Everywhere near the line of march the next morning people were crowded to the limit. Cordons of policemen held hands to make a barrier, as if playing ring around a rosy, and refused to let the outsider inside. We talked with a good-natured Irish bobby. I told him how wonderful the Coronation had been and how I had hoped to see the Jubilee.

"Did you want sadly to pass through?" he asked.

"Oh, very sadly," I answered.

He dropped his neighbor's hand and let us through, hurriedly closing up the barrier again. Gradually we worked our way near to the front. Troops on horseback held the front lines in place. When there was too much crowding, the horses gently backed their haunches against the pressing throngs, and that started a backward surge. With people standing so near these horses' hoofs, it was rather awful to think of the damage that might be done if one animal should shy. It was amazing how quietly they stood.

Many people were fainting, and were carried to shelters by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. When they revived, they made their way back to their former place, which no one contested, so mannerly was the throng. Hawkers were selling "periscopes," small mirrors attached to long sticks. They sold at two shillings and sixpence, and could not possibly have cost more than six-

pence. They aided greatly in seeing the procession, if one was not in the very front.

The procession itself was much like the Coronation, only not nearly so long, and not quite so magnificent. It was, however, a wonderful sight. One of the Guards near the Palace fainted under his hot bearskin, just before the procession started. He seemed to make haste to recover in time to be on duty at the important moment, and the spectators cheered him wildly.

The celebration lasted all day. At night the floodlights were on, and people walked and laughed and joked everywhere. They danced on the streets as gayly as if London were Paris. There was a great bonfire at Piccadilly, and spectators crowded around it. Everyone seemed happy and satisfied as midnight came and the crowds gradually dispersed.

THE KING IS DEAD!

NINE MONTHS later came the sudden death of King George. The news was announced over the radio. Immediately people in moving-picture houses and theatres filed out, silently, dispensing with the "God Save the King" music which invariably closes all entertainments in London. Overnight the mighty city went into mourning. Next day practically every man who appeared on the streets wore a black tie.

STREET SCENE DURING THE SILVER JUBILEE OF KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY, MAY 6, 1935.



Windows were draped in purple, black, or both; flags were flying at half mast. On the streets people were selling black boutonnieres, or purple flowers in a black ribbon circlet. Mourning bands were seen on sleeves. "We mourn the loss of our beloved King" was printed on the front of shops. As easily as London had formerly shed her cloak of

A CANADIAN TRIBUTE TO GEORGE V

ONE of the most unusual memorial services held in the British Empire was at Cardston, Canada, in the Alberta Stake Tabernacle on the 28th of January, 1936, at eleven a. m. In harmony with the occasion the wards in the Alberta, Taylor, and Lethbridge Stakes of Zion held services in honor of King George V. Fully one thousand persons assembled with Mayor Joseph S. Low presiding. Services were participated in by Stake President Edward J. Wood for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Reverend Canon S. H. Middleton representing the Anglican Church, and Reverend F. T. Habgood, the United Church. On the stand were assembled all members of the Cardston Town Council, the Cardston School Board, the President of the Board of Trade, and President of the Rotary Club. Flanking each side of the stand was a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman in red tunic.

On the right of the speaker were the Boy Scouts of Troops Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Cardston with their leaders, all in full uniform. On the left of the stand were a large number of full-blood Indian Girl Guides from St. Paul's Residential Indian School. Facing the stand were many Indian braves and their wives, some of them veterans of the World War, and a large number of World War veterans who had seen overseas service at the front, many of them carrying scars received in defense of their King.

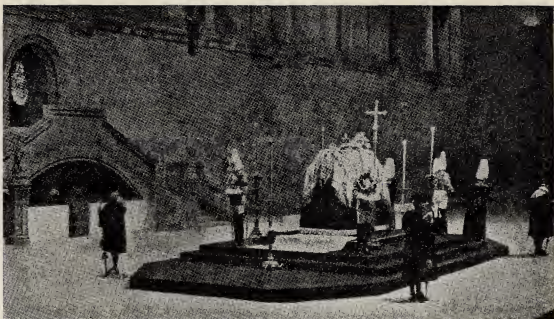
Every creed and color of the district was represented. The massed choirs of the two Cardston Wards of the Mormon Church, St. Andrew's Anglican Church, St. Paul's Residential School, and the United Church were under the direction of the veteran leader, S. S. Newton, with W. G. C. Laidlaw at the organ.

In an impressive two minutes' silence, Scouts, Indian Girl Guides, and the other full-blood Indians, veterans, policemen, members of all churches and people of all colors silently paid homage to the memory of a King.

The closing hymn was "Abide With Me," a favorite of the late beloved King. The benediction by President Edward J. Wood was a prayer for unity and peace for the Empire and for the world.

This memorial service was one of the most colorful meetings yet held in the Alberta Stake Tabernacle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

—Joseph Y. Card.



THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF KING GEORGE V
LYING IN STATE.

gravity, she now shed her cloak of joy.

King George's body was taken to Westminster Hall for the lying-in-state. The necessary streets were cleared of traffic, and a queue two miles long, reaching down along the Thames to Vauxhall Bridge was formed, people standing nine or ten abreast. From the bridge it doubled back until it was five miles long. Hours and hours in the cold and the wind and the rain, people waited to file past the coffin of the King, and pay their last respects. Movement was slow. When a sudden gap occurred, there would be a short, swift run to keep in line. A long wait would ensue—and another five steps. Finally one arrived at the entrance of the historic hall where Charles I received his sentence of death. In two orderly rows, six deep, people were passing on the two sides of the catafalque. Part of the lights were turned up to show the old beams of the famous ceiling, and part of the lights were focused on the raised platform where rested the coffin. Gentlemen of the King's Bodyguard stood guard at the four corners, white trousers emerging from black Wellingtons; scarlet coats with white braid trimmings; and drooping over their bowed heads the heavy white tassels of their tall helmets. In white gauntlets their hands rested, one over the other, on their swords. These men were human statues—as motionless as the resting sovereign himself. At the base of the platform stood the Yeomen of the Guard, in their strange medieval costumes. They were equally still. One could not observe the flicker of a muscle. I saw them thus at the end of their half-hour duty. Then came the

changing of the guard in the same absolute silence. A fresh man stepped beside each waiting form, who gave no sign of recognition, but with military precision marched noiselessly to formation with his fellows.

At midnight on the eve of the funeral, the four sons of the King took their turn at guard duty beside their father's coffin.

Fewer stands had been erected for the funeral, and the crowds seemed even greater than at the Jubilee. People broke through the barriers in several places and could not be forced back. Such walls of people! Such mass crowding and pressing until the breath was almost squeezed from one's body!

The body of England's beloved King was brought from Sandringham and borne on a gun carriage from the station. The orb, sceptre, St. Edward's crown, and one wreath—the Queen's—rested on the draped coffin. Drums were draped and arms reversed. Under the gray skies and through the black draped streets of somber London came the slow procession to Chopin's funeral march. Then the fife wailed out their melody. The gun carriage was drawn by two hundred "blue caps" or men of the navy.

The new King and his brothers walked with bowed heads behind their father's body. It was a long four mile march for the grief-stricken family and the foreign monarchs and representatives, many of them aged. The Queen and women of the royal family rode in the glass coach of state drawn by liveried coachmen.

It was indeed a solemn and impressive sight to see the long cortege go by. One felt the genuine grief and love for the King who will go down in history, we are told, as George the Good.

Poetry

MAY

By Cora May Preble

MAY is a little blue-eyed lass
Tiptoeing lightly over the grass!
Burnished gold in her flying tresses,
Sparkle of silver and sun on her dresses;
A song on her lips like a maiden's prayer,
Perfume of roses scenting the air;
Sweet little May, like an elfin sprite,
Trimming the orchard in pink and white;
Tossing her golden daffodils,
Sprinkling her roses over the hills.
May is a little blue-eyed lass
Tiptoeing lightly over the grass,
Waving a wand of sapphire and gold—
Watching myriad treasures unfold!

SACRAMENT MEETING

By Katharine Warburton

HERE TEMPERED light and pulsing beauty
Of the organ-song
Create in me an inward shrine
Whereat my glowing heart may bend to
Thee.

Still exaltation throbs
In the voice of a clean-browed young priest:
"O God, the Eternal Father . . ."
I tremble with the Sacrament
That I partake.
There is remembrance living in the years
Of a searing tree against a bitter sky
Of blood, a stinging jeer, and thorns;
"Father, forgive them . . ."
And gall pressed to the mouth
Of my dying brother.

A violin sobs and is still.
Father, we ask no carven likeness unto
Thee;
Only the ancient wonders of Thy deep
peace;
Only Thy sons speaking with measured
reverence
Thine imperishable Truths.

Weekly though I pause empty-handed
Beside the still waters
I carry away in my cupped hands
And brimming soul
Fresh harvest of the Gospel's untouchable
glory;
The cleansed wisdom of my yesterdays
For the task of my tomorrows.

STAIRWAY

By Laila Mitchell Thornton

YOUR playing made a stair,
Shining and white and high,
Between the earth and sky—
A shining glory there.

Step upon step, each note
Was firm and strong and true,
So well your fingers knew
Each chord the master wrote.

Earth vanished with its care,
And my long seeking soul
Reached up and touched its goal;
Your playing made a stair!

TO MY MOTHER

By Harry Elmore Hurd

TWO BEAUTIES I shall sing, and only two—
When spring is making glad the green-
ing hills—
The Mayflower's pristine loveliness and
you.
O, any flower-loving searcher thrills
When he uplifts the lingering autumn leaves
And finds arbutus bursting into flower.
Much honor to the soil which thus con-
ceives
And bears the offspring of the sun and
shower!

More glory to the one who gave me birth,—
The incense of her love is the perfume
Of flowered clusters pink against the earth:
Her life is starry like the Mayflower's
bloom.
Therefore I sing, when spring is on the air,
A song of love and beauty . . . and none
other . . .
My tune may falter, but my theme is fair,
The finest melody on earth, my mother.

HEART'S DESIRE

By Grace Zenor Pratt

FRAGMENTS of beauty, thoughts like fall-
ing stars,
Jewels of crystal, amethyst, and jade:
Fleeting as shadows, sunbeams o'er a pool,
Elusive fabric of which dreams are made.
Quickly I gather gem by precious gem—
An April wind, an almond bough bloom,
A bird's low note, a baby's tangled curls—
And weave together on a magic loom;
Or sometimes, hastily on silver chain
I hang my wealth of shining precious
pearls—
A sigh, a tear, a hush, a waking flame,
Opals, and rubies, diamonds sparkling fire.
I weave upon a golden thread of words—
My heart's desire!

STEPPING-STONES

By Carmen Malone

I PAUSE to lean upon my earthy hoe,
To push my broad straw hat up from
my streaming brow
And give the good south wind a chance to
blow
A friendly wholesome greeting to it.
I peer intently at each tidy row
My two tanned hands have helped to
place upon the earth—
There is no scene more satisfying—this I
know—
Than my own garden as I view it.

I feel the throbbing pulse of fruitful land,
I sense the rhythmic beauty of the uni-
verse—
I am a tool of nature—but I understand
Her gifts are heaven-sent.
A rich and bounteous harvest is my goal,
But stepping-stones toward it are made
from moments when
I lean upon my hoe and drench my soul
In full and deep content.

REMORSE

By Elizabeth Fescher Hanson

A YEAR AGO friends dared me, for a lark
To carve my name upon a tall tree
bark.
To me the tree seemed as some stately bride,
Shelled by the rugged mountain side.
It looked so proud and graceful growing
there,
Basking in the canyon's fragrant air.
With green leaves gently swaying in the
breeze
It seemed to reign o'er all the other trees.
And yet—I carved my name.

Some time ago those same friends challenged
me
To take a trip, and see who'd find the tree.
Twas I who found it ragged, torn, and
dead.
Its barren branches shivering overhead.
I hung my head with shame to know that I
Was one, who caused a glorious tree to die.

And as I stood alone with head bowed low,
A prayer went up to Him straight from
my heart.
Forgive us, God, for then we did not know
That we would thus destroy your work of
art.

DISTANCES

By Clara Aiken Speer

A THOUSAND light years distant, there are
stars
That pierce the velvet veil of night.
Then why,
If I seek them for guidance or delight,
Are they quite near, and instant to my
eye?

Because since first their orbits flamed in
space,
Before my earliest thought, before my
birth,
Aye, ere the racial form was struck from
clay,
Their light was flowing, flowing, toward
the earth.

Beyond, aye, far beyond the farthest star
Is one whose distance is infinity;
As far above my thoughts as stars above
My fingertips is He, eternally.

But as the stars are near through light, so
He
Is near, whose love infinity has spanned.
I cannot reach Him, but He reaches me.
And holds my life within His gentle hand.

THE SOURCE OF POWER

By Roger W. Haglund

WOULD you so live that life would hold
Rich treasure, richer far than gold?
Would you have strength to face the task
And give what measure life may ask?

Then walk with Christ!
You'll find a power transcending every
need,
A power that will bring you
To the heights of thought and deed!

Editorial

A Call to the Priesthood

A HUGE weaving machine stood idle, a useless assemblage of wheels and cogs, of spindles and shuttles. The driving power had been shut off. Later, when the motive power had been restored, every part of the loom was in harmonious action, producing a marvelous cloth, beautifully patterned.

The Priesthood of the Church may be subjected to a similar comparison. A passive Priesthood is useless; an active Priesthood has unlimited power; it may conquer the earth. Do men accept the Priesthood passively, as labels on empty bottles, or do they actively use their new power to promote the latter-day cause of the Lord?

The answer to this question is a measure of the condition of the Church itself. The authority that makes the Church possible, inheres in the Priesthood; therefore, as the Priesthood is, so is the Church. To "put on the strength" of Zion is "to put on the authority of the Priesthood," said the Lord to the Church when it was young.

The Priesthood is a great brotherhood, the greatest on earth, dedicated to the accomplishment of the purposes of the Lord with respect to His children on earth. Every Priesthood bearer is needed for this task. Every man who receives the Priesthood accepts the obligation to use his new power to help his brother as himself. Within the Priesthood the strong must serve the weak, so that all may more perfectly do their assigned tasks, and rise nearer to their divine destiny of joy.

The division of the Priesthood into quorums of moderate size lends itself perfectly to the spirit of brotherhood and mutual helpfulness. The condition and needs of every quorum member may be known through the labors of the Personal Welfare Committee which should function actively in every quorum of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

In these trying days, when many families, through no fault of their own, are in want, the Priesthood quorums should earnestly inform themselves concerning the needs of their members, and set about to provide the necessary assistance. Every quorum should take a pride in the welfare of its members. Within every quorum there is power to care for many of its unemployed and suffering members. This may be accomplished by direct and indirect means, discoverable in each locality. Should the Priesthood rise in the majesty of its divinely conferred power, distress among quorum members would soon be eradicated.

Moreover, though the Priesthood is divided into quorums, it is really one great brotherhood. Therefore, prosperous quorums that need no help are under obligation to give assistance to quorums in distress. By such united action, abundant relief for all may be secured, and the blessings won by sacrifice may be enjoyed by all.

The call has come from the President of the Church, who is the President of the Priesthood, to bring the quorums of the Priesthood into action as

never before. The day calls for help. Let the Personal Welfare Committees proceed, in season and out of season, to seek out the needs of their quorum brethren; then the quorums should bestir themselves to give the needed help. There must be no delay. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

The eyes of the world as of the Lord are upon us. "The number of your converts does not interest me," said a world-famous man who was examining "Mormonism," "but I should like to know how many of your converts remain true to the faith and are active members after conversion." That is the challenge! We must prove that the Gospel may meet the issues of this or any other day; and we must do so in the faith and power and dignity of the eternal Priesthood of God.—J. A. W.

The Meaning of "Honor"

ONE OF the earliest chronicled codes of conduct given of the Lord for the guidance of men fixes the injunction to "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Sacred writ definitely invokes it; secular history testifies of it; the laws of men and nations take legal note of it; and the wisdom and experience of the ages prove its necessity. But the meaning of that word "honor" has been so conveniently interpreted and so variously observed that brief and specific comment upon some of the elements that go into its real meaning may not be unprofitable.

No doubt the tributes we pay mothers on Mother's Day is part of the honor due them. To set aside one day in each year for especial recognition, with tangible gifts, family gatherings, and public ceremonies, is a much appreciated form of honor. Certainly neglecting mother on Mother's Day is not to be tolerated. But many mothers, both those who are remembered on Mother's Day and those who are not, are not being honored as they could and should be honored.

Any able son or daughter who fails to sacrifice his own comfort and convenience in the sharing of his shelter and his means as his mother's comfort requires, is failing to that extent, to heed the commandment to honor mothers.

Any son who departs from the righteous teachings of a righteous mother, is, to the extent of his departure, failing to honor his mother. Any daughter who compromises any principle or ideal of life for the sake of any apparent social advantage, is, to the extent of her compromise, dishonoring her mother.

Any child who seeks to reach any goal by any unworthy short cut, even though he may seem at the moment to be successful, is to that extent, dishonoring his mother.

No son or daughter who takes into his body—the body that his mother gave him clean and unblemished—those things which are forbidden by the Lord's law of health, is honoring his mother.

No son who dishonors any other man or woman is honoring his mother.

Any son who fails to observe with devotion any principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is to the extent of his failure, not honoring his mother.

No Latter-day Saint who departs in any particular from the truth for which his parents and grandparents have sacrificed, the ideals they have cherished, or the virtues they have guarded, is an honor to his mother, no matter how much personal affection he may show her and no matter how much devotion he may profess.

And while mothers appreciate declarations of love, gifts of flowers, thoughtful attention, and other evidences of regard and affection—and no mother should be denied these outward displays of devotion—no true mother ever lived who would not rather have her son grow to useful manhood, loving integrity, cherishing truth, and living in righteousness, than she would have all of the demonstrative, once-a-year evidences of affection that could be heaped upon her.

Honor is an intangible thing—conspicuous in its absence, and treasured more than riches and personal convenience where it is treasured at all. The meaning of honor, the very sum and substance and essence of honor, is the living of a worthy life and the winning of the approbation of the Lord. Any mother who contributes to the building of such a life in any child of hers is honored as only the world's most blessed mothers are honored.

To honor his mother with the greatest of all honor a Latter-day Saint must realize his greatest usefulness in life, must render the highest service of which he is capable, must cherish truth, must love virtue, must esteem character, must uphold on all occasions the highest ideals and principles of which man has any knowledge, must hate evil with an uncompromising hatred, and must love the Gospel and the things it represents more than self.

Life's richest blessings await the sons and the daughters and the mothers who honor each other before men and before the Lord.—*R. L. E.*

A More Militant Motherhood

"**M**OTHER IN ISRAEL" has been an honored title from the time when "Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lappidoth, . . . judged Israel." It has been a revered one, chiefly because it has denoted responsibility.

The world has progressed to so great an extent that it is a very poor mother indeed who cannot care for the physical needs of her children much better than her grandmother cared for hers. With wise concern, we mothers pore over volumes telling of the latest work in science concerning the calories and the kinds of vitamins our children need. Carefully we decide what clothing they should wear. Yet when it comes to a consideration of what should be done for their mental and spiritual welfare, we have too often been neglectful.

We are told constantly to urge our children to express themselves; to see that they are not in-

hibited; to allow them to do whatever they wish to do. The permission to allow children to do as they please indicates a poor conception of motherhood. The right understanding is to see that they desire to do what it is right for them to do.

We can easily teach children to cleanse their bodies; we need to teach them to keep their souls "unspotted from the world." Even as we are happy when we can see our children externally clean, we shall be doubly blessed when we learn that they have followed after our teachings and have kept their spirits clean.

Cowper said: "The mother's heart is the child's school-room." If that is true, we should do well to assume a more teacherly attitude. We should encourage our children in the constant reading of better books than those they are reading. We should take the time to read to them from the best books. In order to emphasize further the lessons to be gained from literature and religion, we might suggest that the boys and girls dramatize that which we have read. We should discuss vital problems with them at frequent intervals and anticipate emotional situations before they arise.

No mother wishes to tie her children to her apron-strings; she desires to make them independent. By giving them sound principles on which to work, we can be fairly sure of their actions. When they are young, we should give our reasons for asking them to do certain things. As they grow, we can permit them to reason for themselves as to what their actions should be. Solomon said:

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Often we mothers are guilty of voting into being those things which tend to destroy youth, not only of our own families but of our friends and associates. The repeal of prohibition placed temptation in the way of young people. And prohibition could not have been repealed if mothers had not voted for that repeal. Often we are careless and allow conditions to exist which create false standards among children. The gambling devices which seem to be flooding many communities at the present time evidence the fact that we are not alert to our opportunities as mothers in the neighborhood.

If we Latter-day Saint mothers would only live and teach our children to live the principles of the Gospel, we could loose a force militant enough to revolutionize the world. If all mothers the world over would unite in righteousness they could be a great force in the shaping of current history for the good of mankind.

We should realize that our children are in reality God's. Much as we are concerned with their doing of right, He is doubly concerned with their choice of the good. As mothers in Israel we should pray constantly that He will endow us with wisdom and courage in directing our children's activities. By our prayers we permit His entering to help in the molding of their lives. If we do so, we shall receive inspiration, encouragement, and aid which will carry us through our lives joyfully—and will make us become more fully worthy of having a Mother's Day set apart for us.—*M. C. J.*

The Church Moves On



OCTAVE F. URSEBACH

NEW HEAD OF THE FRENCH MISSION CHOSEN

ELDER OCTAVE F. URSEBACH was appointed December 23, 1935, as president of the French mission to succeed Daniel J. Lang, who left Paris, February 4, to sail through the Suez Canal to the Orient, thence to Hawaii, and home via San Francisco. President Ursebach has been in the French mission about one year, laboring largely in Switzerland among people of his own nationality. The French mission now includes France, Belgium, and the French-speaking part of Switzerland.

This mission is growing in strength. Since May 1, 1935, thirty-two converts have been made; four branches have been reopened at Grenoble, Lyons, Orleans, and Besancon; tens of thousands of tracts, books, and pamphlets have been distributed; and thousands of people have heard the gospel message. This information has been communicated by Max Wheelwright, secretary of publicity and advertising for the mission.

Santa Clara Ward—St. George Stake

On Sunday, February 9, 1936, Henry Graf was sustained as Bishop of Santa Clara Ward.

Veyo Ward—St. George Stake

Andrew N. Seits was sustained as Bishop of Veyo Ward on Sunday, February 9, 1936.

Barnwell Ward—Lethbridge Stake

This Ward was reorganized on Sunday, Feb. 9, 1936, with William Gilbert Pierson as Bishop.

Diamond Ward—Lethbridge Stake

Armond W. Sabey was sustained as Bishop of Diamond Ward on Sunday, Feb. 9, 1936.

Mapleton Ward—Franklin Stake

On Sunday, Feb. 16, 1936, Guy Allred was sustained as Bishop of Mapleton Ward.

Cannon Ward—Pioneer Stake

Edward H. Sorenson was sustained as Bishop of Cannon Ward on Sunday, Feb. 23, 1936.

UTAH'S OLDEST PIONEER OF 1847 DIES

WHEN on January 20, 1936, Robert Sweeton died, one more link between the band of intrepid Pioneers who braved the hardships of the long

westward trek under Brigham Young was broken. Mr. Sweeton was born December 14, 1840, in Kent County, Canada, a son of George and Mary Gardner Sweeton. When he was six years of age, he moved with his mother and stepfather to Nauvoo, Illinois. From there they traveled across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake valley October 1, 1847. In 1859, he moved to Mendon, Cache valley, with the first group to settle there.

All during his life, Mr. Sweeton has been active both religiously and politically, trying to make his community a better place in which to live.

MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD FROM THE L. D. S. MISSION HOME

ARRIVED JANUARY 27 AND LEFT FEBRUARY 6

First row, left to right: Elva Praator, Edith Allred, Eva Thorup, Josephine Scott, Velda Baird, Lyona Anderson, Helen Harrop, Mary Parker, Mary Cannon.
Second row right to left: C. Chambers, J. E. James, R. Soelberg, Max G. Capener, President J. H. Taylor, Sister Taylor, John B. Hoge, C. Perry, Roy E. Harris, H. C. Teesles.
Third row, left to right: Levi P. Blatter, Z. T. Champlin, K. S. Corbett, Orson Daines, Leland Huntsman, Wm. B. Thompson, Early L. Bingham, Dale Wilson, Glen Garfield.
Fourth row, right to left: Reed Richmond, Noel C. Derry, Cimon Harris, Eugene Bohne, Lawrence Roberts, W. H. Burgener, Victor K. Boss, Duane H. Hansen, Donald P. Fowler, Leonard Moffatt.
Fifth row, left to right: Lorane O. Kingsford, E. Leon Mather, Kenneth Hacking, Edward Penman, George G. Henry, Lynn Toolson, Robert Wamsley, Roy McKinnon.
Sixth row, right to left: Edward Larson, Jr., Andrew L. Larsen, John LaThare Hale, Frank R. Slight, Rodney Richenback, Jay W. Oldroyd, Howard Joseph, H. A. Harmon, H. H. Roylance, Frank Duncan.
Seventh row, left to right: Dean White, Eldon Hobbs, Noel Condie, Phillip Moon, Ronald Snarr, Christian Drayer, Hyrum Schneider, Glenn Burdett, H. D. Jensen.
Eighth row, right to left: Glen H. Lybbert, LaVoy Jensen, Frank Hawkins, Donald P. Segmiller, Gordon P. Anderson, Harold D. Taylor, Karl Smith, Archie Parker, Howard Francis, Elmo W. Orr.
Ninth row, left to right: Chas. G. Snow, Lynn Hanson, Harold K. Rowberg, Alden B. Staker, L. G. Dowdick, Carl R. Cooper, Myron L. Hillstrom, Frank C. Hatch, John B. Gahoon.
Tenth row, right to left: Byard D. Wood, Erwin Winsor, Jay W. Marchant, Cecil C. Naegle.

ARRIVED FEBRUARY 10 AND LEFT FEBRUARY 20, 1936

First row, left to right: Lester Glen Anderson, Carl S. Coombs, Oswald A. Byrne, Gladys Heder, Gertrude Beth Laxman, Erna Viola Simmons, George T. Thompson, Joseph P. Lambert.
Second row, right to left: William Arthur Lee, Jerald Arthur Anderson, President John H. Taylor, Sister Rachel G. Taylor, Norman Hymas Roberts, Heber Arnold Tippetts, Jay Rossen Holbrook.
Third row, left to right: Bud. D. Evans, Russell Beard, Hyrum Sheridan Craugh, Alvin Gray, Val Dean Stewart, Esbee Orin Myler, Wilmer Val Kone, William Boice Carr.
Fourth row, right to left: Joseph Walter Rerill, Eugene C. Blackham, Frank O. Nielsen, Carlos Bernell Watkins, William Byron Hawkins, Arthur LaThair Pederson, Mirle Riley Fisher.
Fifth row, left to right: Carl H. Wilcken, Chester Cheney, Marian Eugene Tippetts, William Smith Reese, Merin Albert Whitby, Glenn Otto Anderson, Harold Morgan Ray, Robert S. Jensen, Ray Hard Dixon.

Photos Courtesy Acme Photo Company.



The Manti Temple

The Manti Temple was re-opened on March 2, 1936, after having undergone many needed improvements. An addition to the annex provides a large room for the recorders, a private office and a reception room for the president and also a private office for the chief recorder.

President Clawson's Trip

On March 4, 1936, Pres. Rudger Clawson returned from a seventeen day tour of the California Mission. He reported visiting eleven districts and forty-two branches.

Mt. Pleasant Anniversary

Mt. Pleasant, Utah, celebrated the 77th anniversary of its settlement on Friday, March 6, 1936.

College Ward, Logan Stake

The College Ward, Logan Stake, was divided and the Young Ward organized on March 8, 1936, with Allen Olsen as bishop.

Cokeville Ward

The Cokeville Branch was organized as a ward on March 8, 1936, with Sharon Reed Dayton as bishop.

National Boy Scouter's Conference

President Heber J. Grant and Elder George Albert Smith attended on March 15, 1936, the National Boy Scouter's Conference held at French Lick Springs, Indiana.

French Mission Moved

The Headquarters of the French Mission were moved from Paris to 65 Rue de Campine, Leige, Belgium.

Pioneer Dies

Elijah N. Freeman, a pioneer of Utah in 1847, died March 14, 1936.

Laramie, Wyoming.

On Sunday, March 29, 1936, President Heber J. Grant dedicated the L. D. S. Institute at Laramie, Wyoming.

Portraits Hung

The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Ridges were hung in the State Capitol Monday, March 30, 1936. Elder Ridges was the builder of the famous Tabernacle Organ.

Argentine Mission

The Argentine Mission has changed its headquarters to Calle Madro 749 (Villa Versailles) Buenos Aires, Argentine.

NEW CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN MISSION PRESIDENT

ELDER WALLACE F. TORONTO was appointed on March 11, 1936, president of the Czecho-Slovakian Mission to succeed Elder Arthur Gaeth. Elder Toronto has previously served in this

mission, being one of the first Elders appointed to that country when the mission was first opened, July 24, 1929, and serving there until December, 1931. Mrs. Toronto and their daughter accompanied him when he left April 15. Elder Toronto is a graduate of the Latter-day Saints College and the University of Utah.



WALLACE F. TORONTO

ASSISTANT CHOIR DIRECTOR CHOSEN

D STERLING WHEELWRIGHT was appointed assistant Tabernacle choir director and field manager of the church music committee, on March 26, 1936. Mr. Wheelwright holds a degree in music and has studied with eminent teachers in the eastern part of the United States. At the present time he is studying and teaching music in Chicago.

Born at Ogden, Utah, he early became active as a conductor of choruses and as an editor of a musical publication. At the present time he is managing editor of the *Educational Music Magazine* which is published in Chicago, Illinois.

He will assume his new duties when he returns to Salt Lake City this month.

SAMOAN MISSION HEAD CHOSEN

WILLIAM M. WADDUPS, president of the Hawaiian temple from its dedication November 27, 1919 until the present time, was appointed on March 25, 1936, to head the Samoan mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to succeed Elder William G. Sears. Ralph E. Woolley has been appointed as president of the Hawaiian temple temporarily.

BOOK OF MORMON IN BRAILLE

ADDED to the great number of languages into which the Book of Mormon has been published, is the new Braille publication of the book in seven

volumes for the use of the sightless. One hundred and fifty sets have been ordered from the American Printing Society for the Blind at Louisville, Kentucky. The purpose is to place a copy in each of the large libraries of the United States and one in each of the missions. The committee of the Society for the Aid for the Sightless consists of George Albert Smith, president; S. O. Bennion, vice-president; John Wells, secretary-treasurer; Nephi L. Morris, Harrison R. Merrill, and Melvin Ridges, directors.

ONE HUNDRED-SIXTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE ONE HUNDRED SIXTH annual conference of the Church occurred April 4, 5, 6. Each meeting was well attended and Saints from many sections of the Church were edified by the addresses. The music was furnished by the Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall, the Hyrum Stake Choir led by William H. Terry, and the Singing Mothers assisted by the P. T. A. Chorus, directed by Charlotte O. Sackett; Frank W. Asper presided at the organ.

MRS. A. W. IVINS PASSES ON

MRS. ELIZABETH ASHEY SNOW IVINS, 81, widow of Anthony W. Ivins, late first counselor to President Heber J. Grant, died March 21, 1936, at her home, 519 B Street. Her devotion to her husband and her children has long been known by the members of the Church. While a resident of St. George, she was president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and while in Old Mexico, she served as president of the Relief Society for several years.

She was the mother of nine children, eight of whom survive her. Her eldest son is Antoine R. Ivins, one of the presidents of the First Council of the Seventy.

PRESIDENT CLARK NAMED TO POST

PRES. J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., has been appointed on an international Commission of Experts of seven members for the codification of international law for the Western Hemisphere. President Clark represents the Common Law system of jurisprudence on this Commission. His appointment was announced April 17. President Clark was a delegate of the United States to the Seventh International Conference of American States which met in Montevideo, Uruguay, December 4-26, 1934. The Report of the United States Delegates states that the setting up of this Commission is under a Conference Resolution "which was developed from a proposal made by Mr. Clark of our Delegation."



MOTHER

UNDERSTANDING MOTHER

By VERA HINCKLEY MAYHEW

THE FIRST rosy streamers of light were streaking the eastern sky, when Mother softly opened the front door and stepped out onto the tiny rose-trellised porch. She stopped a moment to breathe deeply of the warm spring air before she went into the garden.

Her heart sang with joy. It was going to be a lovely day. Even nature was putting on her best clothes to make Mother's Day perfect. She walked lovingly through the gardens to the east fence where the daffodils bloomed in golden profusion.

Her blue eyes were shining as she stooped to break off the great yellow flowers, for everybody knows that daffodils should be picked in the cool of the dawn to be at their loveliest to grace a perfect dinner table. Dinner today must be perfect, because the children were all coming to be with her on her day. Not once since John had gone away to study medicine had they all been home together. Her eyes softened as she thought of her darlings together at her table again. They had planned to surprise her, but one by one they had wondered if a surprise wouldn't be hard on mother. So five letters were hidden away in her bureau drawer. Each one suggested that since they had planned to surprise her it might be just as well if she didn't let the others know that this one had written. Dear children, they had not wanted the pleasure of the others in the surprise marred, but they had each wanted Mother to be prepared for them.

And how she had prepared. Every inch of her little home shone with the scrubbing she had given it, and cupboards and shelves bulged with the good things she had cooked.

Her arms filled with the bright blooms, she turned back toward the house. But no matter how much her mind told her she must hurry she never could go in without glancing over her garden. A little sigh escaped her for the flowers and bulbs she couldn't afford.

She had felt that way about the children. The things she had to do without for them had caused an actual ache in Mother's heart. It had been especially hard to see Jarvis, her baby son, struggle for the things she wanted to give him. Her face was all joyous tenderness as she gently twisted the ring he had given her around and around on her finger. It was his class ring; the one high school boys reserve for the best beloved. She remembered his telling her, "You're my best girl, see!" The thought of Jarvis and the money he would still need to finish his medical training kept her from caring too much about the flowers.

WHEN SHE entered the house again she could hear Father stirring. Milk trucks came as early on Sunday as any other morning. It was hard on Father that none of the boys had taken to the farm. He sometimes grumbled a bit at the selfishness of youth, but she knew he would not have it otherwise. They had both believed in letting the young ones have their own choice in matters concerning themselves. Though Father blustered, he didn't mean all he said.

"What you get up at this unearthly hour for, Mother, I can't see. You don't have cows to milk.

When you have a 'passel' of little fellows you look forward to the time when they'll be the ones to get up in the dark to milk. Then soon as ever they're big enough they're off about their own affairs."

"Why don't you get the Thompson boy to milk for you? He'd be glad enough of a little spare change, and you could stay in bed a while longer of a morning. Seems as though you'd earned it."

Even as she asked the question she knew the answer. The spare change that would be welcome to the Thompson boy would be just as welcome to Jarvis for another year or two. She smiled to herself and loved him the more for his gruff answer: "Oh, kids nowadays don't know how to make a critter give down her milk." He wouldn't put the blame on Jarvis any more than she would.

The morning sped by on wings. Mother brushed through the house again to make sure there wasn't a speck anywhere. Father did the milking, ate his breakfast, and went off to Church. "Aren't you coming?" he asked as he prepared to leave the house.

"I thought since it's Mother's Day I'd just stay at home and write each of the children a letter. Seems like I never get time on a week day." If she didn't give her real reason he could be surprised at the home coming.

"Looks like they ought to be the ones to write the letters, but have it your way. Say, here's a little present I got you for Mother's Day. Hope you like it." A bit self-consciously he put a parcel into her hands.

It felt like a book. Maybe it was that new poetry anthology. She didn't often have time to read, but she loved to pick up a poem occa-

sionally, and many were the verses she carried in her heart to make the churning and baking hours more pleasant.

Her fingers fumbled at the string but at last it was open. A Bible dictionary and handy reference compendium. Her heart fell. She wasn't one to study the Bible much. Some of the lovely stories and the psalms were a part of her life, but to look up references to prove a point—well—Mother just didn't take her religion that way. She knew it was just what Father wanted and that he would spend many happy hours with it, so she smiled sweetly and gave him a wifely kiss as she hurried him on his way to Church.

She went into the dining room and began to set the table. As she placed the bowl of flowers on the table she heard a car drive up. It was John, her eldest, and his wife, Eve. How handsome he looked as he came swinging up the path. The children were all tall like Father, except Lorna, the baby, and she was tiny as Mother. Tom had said when he was courting her that she had the tiniest hands in the world. "Except Mother's," Jarvis had always added.

As JOHN caught sight of Mother he quickened his steps and reached the path as she did. He gathered her into his arms with a mighty hug.

"I can hardly believe you're here," she murmured against his breast.

"You bet I'm here. If half of Mount Oaks gets sick while I'm here they'll just have to get well again. This is one day I'm coming home."

"He was expecting quite an important call and I didn't think we should come," Eve broke in. "But he said the hospital could handle it and here we are."

Eve was a small person as dark as Mother's crowd was fair. Mother didn't feel that she knew Eve very well. Eve handed a large frilly package to Mother. Once again Mother's eyes were starry. She did so love to get presents. Candy a whole five pounds of it! Only Dr. Stephens had banned sweets. She pretended gracefully and placed the large box conspicuously on the buffet.

She was just showing Eve into the tiny bedroom to remove her wraps when she heard voices on the porch. This time the shrill call of

a child, "Grammaw, surprise!" told her that it was Geraldine and Max with Bobby. As she opened the door Bobby all but pushed her over in his exuberance.

"Aren't you surprised, Grammaw?"

"Surprised as ever I can be and gladder than I can tell you," she said.

"Has Daisy any more calves?"

"Just last week. She seems to time her babies to your visits pretty well."

"Whoops, I'm going out right now!" Flying feet and banging doors—

"Mercy, it seems good to get where that child has room to take a jump without knocking down the plaster on the apartment below," Geraldine said as she took off her hat and ran her fingers through her shining hair. "And, Moms, here's a little something in honor of the occasion."

Mother took the dainty parcel and opened it with eager fingers. A lovely, silk nightgown! Mother stroked it gently. Her rough finger tips caught in the delicate threads. She could just see Lorna in this exquisite creation of lace and silk. Mother was afraid that to wear it herself would make her feel a little foolish.

"Time you were spending some time to doll yourself up a bit now that you have us all off your hands," Geraldine said carelessly.

Mother giggled, a little self-consciously.

At THAT minute Gilbert and Jo arrived and the family all circled around them waiting a turn to play with two-year-old Marjorie, who, with her golden curls and big blue eyes was surely Mother's baby. Jo was quite breathless with the effort of getting her packages gathered up and in the house. "Hello, Mother, hello, every one," she greeted them and dropped her hat, bag, and small suitcase on the bed and held out a tissue wrapped box to Mother. With trembling fingers Mother untied the string and held up a shimmering velvet scarf large enough for a grand piano.

"Oh," Eve sighed. "Where did you get it, Jo? It's exactly what I need to finish my living room just next week. Where are you going to put it, Mother?"

Yes, where? Mother's old up-

right on which the children had all "taken" would be buried under a scarf like this, and her dining room was furnished for lighter, simpler things. Her mind was thinking these things as her voice answered: "Oh, anything pretty as this will look well any place."

"Cook, cook," the baby was saying.

"Oh, the love, she remembers where the cookies are kept from that Sunday two months ago. Isn't that cute? Can she have one, Jo?" Mother asked.

"Mercy no, it's almost time for her soup and nap. Here, Gilbert, you take her out in the yard while she forgets, and I'll fix her lunch."

"The baby swing is still under the apple tree," Mother said as she walked to the door with Gilbert. Just as she opened it Jarvis came up the steps.

Jarvis, Mother always thought, was the finest looking of the lot. Blond like the rest and big like Father, he had her soul for beauty. She often wondered how he could be a doctor; things hurt him so terribly. "But that's why I must be a doctor," he had said. "They have the best chance to make things better."

"Moms, you can't guess what I brought for the queen of my heart,"

(Continued on page 324)



TKS

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

METHOD OF STRIKING KEY HAS NO EFFECT ON TONE

"DESPITE statements of eminent pianists to the contrary, the tone produced by striking a given key on a piano is the same no matter in what manner the key is struck." (*Science News Letter*, February 8, 1936.) So reports Professor Charles Weyl of the University of Pennsylvania as a result of new research on this question. Using a giant model of the action of a grand piano, consisting of one key, one hammer, and one string he was able to show that a musician has no more control over the tone, after striking the key, than a marksman has over a bullet after pressing the trigger of a gun.

Usually musicians believe that tone and loudness are separate factors controlled by the manner of pressing the keys; scientists, however, claim that both are determined at the same time by the piano key. As a part of the evidence Professor Weyl used an oscillograph which could detect differences in tone five times more accurately than eminent pianists.

INDIANS KNEW KEYSTONE ARCH

THE BELIEF that the keystone arch was not known in the New World will apparently have to be changed as a result of findings by Dr. Alfonso Caso. (*Science News Letter*, February 1, 1936.) Excavating at the famous Monte Alban in the southern Mexican state of Oaxaca, where a few years ago a remarkable treasure of gold and precious Indian stones was discovered, he found the principle of the keystone used in a tomb which was found buried under three layers of plaster floor in the layer known to be next to the oldest in the city's history. Though this shows that at least one mason knew the keystone principle, this is the only evidence yet found among the extensive Indian structures in America.

PROGRESS WITH ROCKETS

PRESENT progress and problems of rockets were reported by Professor Alexander Klemm of the Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics of the Electrochemical Society. (*Time*, March 2, 1936.) He reported that Dr. Robert H. Goddard in New Mexico with a twelve foot rocket, weighing 140 pounds, had reached heights around 7,500 feet and a speed of 700 miles an hour. To prevent wobbling in flight Dr. Goddard has worked out a small gyroscope to move the tail vanes when necessary, and on its return it is protected by an automatic

parachute. The fuel now used is liquid oxygen and a liquid fuel such as gasoline or alcohol, mixed when the rocket is ready to go off. Such a mixture develops energies ten times greater than TNT.

Dr. Goddard dislikes talk of moon flights and announces his present objective as reaching fifty miles into the stratosphere 'to obtain meteorological, astronomical, magnetic, and other data of altitudes greatly exceeding those which can be reached by balloon.'

Russian scientists under the direction of Engineer Polyarny using a rocket about five feet high claim to have reached a height of 19,000 feet in one minute. (*Science News Letter*, February 15, 1936.)

POORER RADIO RECEPTION FOR TWO YEARS

THERE will be poorer reception on the broadcast bands of the radio due to the increasing spottedness of the sun occurring in the next two years, reported Dr. Harlan T. Stetson of Harvard University to the American Association for the Advancement of Science at St. Louis. (*Science*, February 7, 1936.) The sunspot activity of the sun follows cycles, the maximum of the present cycle coming early in 1938.

RARE PAULINE EPISTLES BEING DECIPHERED

FROM ONE of the oldest and rarest Bibles in the world, dating from the third century, eighty-six leaves have come to light as Arab traders offered them for sale. Sir Frederick Kenyon, noted Biblical authority, is editing the fifty-six leaves that are in England. These with the thirty owned by the University of Michigan contain almost completely the letters of the Apostle Paul from Romans, fifth chapter, to the First Epistle to the Thessalonians. The text is written in Greek with a vegetable ink in a fine hand and, according to Sir Frederick, is easy to decipher.

NEW GLASS FOR COOKING UTENSILS

A NEW TYPE of glass suitable for new top-of-the-stove glass cooking utensils is one of the results of three years' research for astronomy. A study of 1,500 different kinds of glass to find one suitable for the disk for the new 200-inch telescope for the California Institute of Technology led to the development of the ultra-low expansion type of glass by the Corning Glass Works. Ordinary glass cracks when heated suddenly or unevenly because the large coefficient of expansion sets up unequal pushes and pulls which rend

the glass apart. (*Science*, January 31, 1936.)

AMERICAN POLAR SOCIETY MEETING

THE FIRST annual meeting of the American Polar Society was held a few weeks ago at the American Museum in New York City. The society was organized a year ago by a group of friends and relatives of the men who were exploring in the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and with Dr. Lincoln Ellsworth. The purpose is to band together all persons interested in the exploration of the polar regions.

DIABETES TREATMENT IMPROVED

THE "most valuable discovery in the treatment since the original discovery of insulin" is announced in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. A new preparation made by combining protamines, which are elementary compounds of amino acids, with insulin to make protamine insulinate, has been found by Danish investigators. (*Science*, January 31, 1936.) Protamine insulinate does not take the place of ordinary insulin in the treatment of diabetes, but is used along with it in severe cases. The new compound because it is relatively insoluble and tends to be absorbed more slowly it is easier to adjust the carbohydrate metabolism. The compound is not yet commercially available.

NEW TREATMENT FOR TUBERCULOSIS

THE NEWEST methods of treating tuberculosis, including a sort of Adam and Eve operation in which not one rib but parts of ten ribs are removed were recently described by Dr. James A. Miller to the alumni of Columbia University. (*Science News Letter*, February 22, 1936.) Collapse therapy is the name given to four procedures which have already saved thousands of lives and improved and shortened the treatment for tuberculosis patients. Dr. Miller said: "Collapse therapy is without doubt the greatest advance that has been made in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis within a generation." The principle is that of "placing the affected lung under conditions of rest and collapsing cavities which may have been formed." In one of the four procedures, sections of all of the fixed ribs (ten in number) are taken out in successive operations, allowing the chest wall to collapse, which controls the activity of the disease by closing the cavities. Though rest cures in conjunction with this treatment are still important, climate and forced feeding are not so important as they once were considered to be.



On the Book Rack

NEW BIBLE EVIDENCE

(Sir Charles Marston, Fleming H. Revell Company, 1934-1935.)

LATTER-DAY SAINTS should welcome every opportunity to read concerning the excavations taking place in the Holy Land and surrounding regions in which the early Biblical characters moved and lived. The book *New Bible Evidence* as well as the book previously briefly reviewed in the *Era*—*The Bible Is True*—have much to recommend them in the way of clear analysis of recent excavations in the lands of Asia Minor and Egypt.

The author's attitude is fair in that he states definitely that not all of the evidence is yet available in reaching a final conclusion on dates and events. However all of the evidence being uncovered tends to prove the truth of the Bible as opposed to Bible critics' opinions.

Sir Charles Marston would be the last person to ask that everyone should accept his opinion without reservation. He does wish his readers to read in an open-minded manner that which he presents, representing as it does the best opinion of modern archaeologists. In our Church we are particularly interested in learning truth. We should then read about the newest excavations and keep abreast of the times.

This volume, reinforcing as it does the Bible, will prove of especial interest to all of us. In addition to the valuable information which he gives concerning Biblical dates, he makes the geography of the land take form.

—M. C. J.

STEPS UPWARD IN PERSONALITY

(Laura Haddock, Professional and Technical Press, New York, 1931.)

TEACHERS in our Mutual classes will do well to make a thorough study of this capable usable book. It is no cheap popular publication which emphasizes artificial elements as building personality. Rather the book is a careful study by a woman trained theoretically, having received her master of arts degree, and practically as student counselor in the Detroit public schools in Michigan.

Miss Haddock herself realizes the difficulties and the dangers of treating this subject in a field "as comparatively new and unsettled as that of psychology." She has made a sensible approach to the problem and has developed the book in a definitely constructive manner. The writing is of such a nature that old and young can read and enjoy that which appears in this volume.

Not the least attractive feature of

A BOOK may be a flower that blows;
A road to a far town;
A roof, a well, a tower;
A book
May be a staff, a crook.
—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Steps Upward in Personality is the list of references following many chapters giving fiction which will prove of interest and value to young people.

—M. C. J.

FOUR HEDGES A GARDENER'S CHRONICLE

(Clare Leighton, Macmillan Company, 1935.)

A PART from the genuine interest which this writer holds because of her vivid and unusual choice of word, apart from her genuine ability to make her woodcuts lift themselves from the flat surface of the page, Clare Leighton will stir in her reader a desire to plant a garden for himself—no matter in what condition the soil may be on which he has to work.

The book is more than a gardener's chronicle; it is a genuine inspirer for keener observation for nature. The author makes us feel a friendliness even for weeds. The book is arranged with a chapter for each month, beginning with April. When you are planning what you may do for your yard, furnish your mind with the contents of this delightfully helpful book.—M. C. J.

COTTONWOOD YARNS

(Dan V. Stephens, Hammond and Stevens Co., 1935.)

THE AUTHOR'S introductory objective is well worth mentioning since his point of view is so essential for the reader to realize. "To write a book that enriches a reader is a privilege. To write a book that impoverishes him is about as great a misfortune as can befall an author." If more publishers would hold to this opinion the world would be a happier place.

To Latter-day Saints the chapter called "The Mormon Trail" will be of great interest. The author states: "This journey, over practically unmarked trails, from the Missouri River at Winter Quarters north of the present city of Omaha to the Salt Lake valley, was the longest and largest trek of a civilized people in human history. In Utah and the southwest they (the Mormons) have built a magnificent civilization of which all Americans can be justly proud."

The book is a good family book because certain parts will appeal to each member of the family.—M. C. J.

"ENOS MILLS, OF THE ROCKIES"

(Hildegard Hawthorne and Esther Burnell Mills; Houghton Mifflin Co., New York; pp, 260; price \$2.50.)

ENOS MILLS is no stranger to the majority of the readers of the magazines and of books, for, during his later life, he was a constant contributor, lecturer, and book maker. This new book about him written by his wife in collaboration with Hildegard Hawthorne, though lacking in the inspiration which characterized his own works, is interesting although it might be termed too much a catalogue of his activities and of his writings.

The book is a simple narrative of the life of Mills from the time when as a boy he used to dream with his mother of the Rockies to his death in 1922 after he had become nationally famous as a Rocky Mountain guide, a keeper of a mountain hotel, a lyceum lecturer, Colorado snow observer, a champion of the national parks and conservation of wild life, and a writer of considerable note.

The story is one which has the power in it to inspire any boy or man who may read it to give his heart to a cause he loves. Enos Mills did just that and thereby became one of the well-known figures of the Rockies.

The book is beautifully printed and copiously illustrated by means of photographs taken by Mr. Mills or of him by others.—H. R. M.

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE

(David Lamson, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935, price \$2.50.)

ALTHOUGH this is not a pretty book and one which many people will feel is depressing, David Lamson does so undeniably a good thing when he presents the prison system from the point of view of one who, although he is "about to die," is also a human being after all. Prison reforms will not be effected until we understand what the conditions of prison life are. Certainly with the increase of crime and the unbelievably high expense now necessary in trying to curtail it, something must be done. An understanding reading of this book will offer a clue concerning what might be undertaken to alleviate the situation.

The author, beyond giving a brief explanation of how he came to be in "death row," tells the story straightforwardly without trying to win supporters for his claim of innocence.

—M. C. J.



Ward Teaching



EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

Ward Teacher's Message for June, 1936

HONOR THE SABBATH DAY AND KEEP IT HOLY

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: But the seventh is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it."—The Fourth Commandment.

THE USE of the words "shalt" and "shalt not" make it clear that the Lord was giving a definite commandment to his people to "remember the Sabbath Day and to keep it holy."

There are those who try to make it appear that these commandments, having been given to another people in another age under other conditions than those existing today, do not apply to the present time. There is no justification for such an attitude on the part of any Latter-day Saint.

The Ten Commandments in their entirety have been re-affirmed in our day and are as binding today as the day they were written. They are a part of the law and order of the Church. Those who violate them do so at their own peril. Under the confining conditions existing today, Lat-

ter-day Saints must decide whether they will follow the teachings of the Lord or the practices of men. Here are some of the instructions given in this dispensation concerning observance of the Sabbath:

"Our hearts, our desires, on that day should not be for elaborate feasts, whereby some are prevented from having a Sabbath. A simple meal should suffice. To that extent every Sabbath should be a fast day, one bringing perfect joy."

"From this Revelation (Sec. 59) we learn that the Sabbath law was among the first that were given in the land of Zion, after the place for the City had been located and the Temple site designated. And again, when the Pioneers had entered Salt Lake Valley, President Young advised them, and all who should come after them, to observe the Sabbath.

"It is certain that a community which ignores the Sabbath and the services of the Lord's house will become pagan and sink to a low level of morality." Articles of Faith—Talmage.

Gatherings of families or other relatives or friends on Sunday at times which do not conflict with Church duties are not objectionable but should always be held in the spirit of the Sabbath. Sports, recreation and other activities should not be engaged in on the Sabbath Day.

on all days and at all times. But remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full."

We believe that a weekly day of rest is no less truly a necessity for the physical well-being of man than for his spiritual growth; but, primarily and essentially, we regard the Sabbath as divinely established, and its observance a commandment of Him who was and is and ever shall be, Lord of the Sabbath.

Tomorrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord—Exo. 16:23.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy—Exo. 20:8-11. Note in verse 11 that the institution of the sabbath was pre-figured in the events of creation: And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it—Gen. 2:2, 3; also Moses 3:2; Abraham 5:1-3.

The keeping of the sabbath was made a sign between Jehovah and his people Israel—Exo. 31:13-17; Ezek. 20:12.

The seventh day to be one of rest even in sowing time and in harvest—Exo. 34:21; see also 35:2; Lev. 23:3.

The Israelites in the wilderness were commanded to gather an extra quantity of manna on the sixth day and none on the seventh—Exo. 16:16-31; see also verses 4 and 5.

Blessings on the man who kept the sabbath—Isa. 56:2; see also 58:13-14.

Under the law of Moses the punishment for sabbath violation was death—Exo. 35:2; Numbers 15:32-36; compare Jer. 17:27.

Christ's teachings regarding the sabbath, his actions thereon, and accusations brought against him as a sabbath-breaker—Matt. 12:1-8; also verses 10-14; compare Luke 6:1-11, and Mark 2:23-28. See instance of the woman healed on the sabbath day—Luke 12:11-17. A man suffering from the dropsy was healed on the sabbath—Luke 14:1-6. See other instances—John 5:5-18; 7:21-24.

Let no man judge you of the sabbath days—Col. 2:16.

The Nephites observed to keep the sabbath day holy unto the Lord—Jarom 5; see also Mosiah 13:16-19.

Alma commanded the people that they should observe the sabbath day, and keep it holy—Mosiah 18:23.

Note that the observance of the sabbath was an important feature of the law of Moses; and furthermore, observe that the Nephites were strict observers of the law of Moses until the law was superseded by the gospel left to them by the resurrected Christ, who was he who had given the law—2 Nephi 5:10; 25:24-30; Jarom 5; Mosiah 2:3; Alma 30:3; 3 Nephi 1:24. Go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day—D. and C. 59:9, 10. Remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High—verses 12-14.

And the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the sabbath day to keep it holy—D. and C. 68:29.

THE SABBATH DAY

From "Articles of Faith,"
by Elder James E. Talmage

The Church accepts Sunday as the Christian Sabbath and proclaims the sanctity of the day. We admit without argument that under the Mosaic law the seventh day of the week, Saturday, was designated and observed as the holy day, and that the change from Saturday to Sunday was a feature of the apostolic administration following the personal ministry of Jesus Christ. Greater than the question of this day or that in the week is the actuality of the weekly Sabbath, to be observed as a day of special and particular devotion to the service of the Lord.

The Sabbath was prefigured if not definitely specified in the record of the creator, wherein we read, following the account of the six days or period of creative effort: "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

In the early stages of the exodus the Israelites were commanded to lay in a double portion of manna on the sixth day, for the seventh was consecrated as a day of rest; and this was signalized by the Lord's withholding manna on the Sabbath day. Later, when the decalog was codified and promulgated from Sinai, the Sabbath law was made particularly explicit, and the

Lord's rest was cited as its foundation (see the Fourth Commandment).

In the course of Israelitish history successive prophets admonished and rebuked the people for neglect or profanation of the Sabbath. Nehemiah ascribed the affliction of the nation to the forfeiture of divine protection through Sabbath violation; and by the mouth of Ezekiel the Lord reaffirmed the significance of the Sabbath as a mark of His covenant with Israel, and sternly upbraided those who observed not the day.

To the detached branch of Israel, which, as the Book of Mormon avers, was transplanted to American soil, Sabbath observance was no less an imperative requirement.

The Church of Jesus Christ teaches that Sunday is the acceptable day for Sabbath observance, on the authority of direct revelation specifying the Lord's day as such. In this, a new dispensation, and verily the last—the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times—the law of the Sabbath has been reaffirmed unto the Church. It is to be noted that the revelation, part of which follows, was given to the Church on a Sunday—August 7, 1831:

"And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day. For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High. Nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST PRESIDENCY TO THE PRESIDENTS OF STAKES AND BISHOPRICS OF THE CHURCH

Dear Brethren:

PURSUANT to the statements made at the special Priesthood meeting of the Semi-Annual Conference last October, the First Presidency, through the Presiding Bishopric, made a survey of relief conditions in the Church as of last September.

Among the several distressing disclosures of that survey, the following may be mentioned:

That 17.9 per cent of the entire Church membership received relief, or a total of 88,460 persons; that 80,247 persons (16.3 per cent) received relief from the county and 8,213 (1.6 per cent) received relief from Church funds;

That 13,455 were on relief due to unemployment;

That approximately 11,500 to 16,500 persons received relief, who either did not need it or who had farms that might, if farmed, have kept them off relief;

That County relief probably totalled more than five and a half million dollars and Church relief approximately a quarter of a million dollars during the year 1935; that County relief cost approximately \$5.41 per person, and Church relief \$2.48 per person, per month; and

That if those now on work relief should continue thereon, the cost of maintaining the balance of those actually needing relief and without means of self-help would, at Church relief rate, cost approximately \$842,000 per year.

This makes clear the size of the problem which is involved in meeting the relief needs of Church members. The curtailment of Federal aid which is now forecast, makes it imperative that the Church shall, so far as it is able, meet this emergency.

To enable the Church to do this, the following general principles are laid down as guides:

1. Fast offerings must be increased to an amount equalling one dollar per Church member per year. This is an amount within the reach of every head of family and every single person in the Church. Those who can give more should do so.

2. Tithing should be fully paid, where possible in cash and where cash payment is not possible, then payment is to be made in kind.

3. The Ward authorities, the Relief Society, and the Priesthood quorums organizations must exert the greatest possible effort to see that fast offerings and tithing are fully paid.

4. Upon Ward teachers and the Relief Society must rest the prime responsibility for discovering and appraising the wants of the needy of the Ward. These wants must be administered to, under, and in accordance with the regular rules and through the regular organizations of the Church.

5. Every Bishop should aim to have accumulated by next October Conference suf-

ficient food and clothes to provide for every needy family in his Ward during the coming winter. The Relief Society must cooperate in this work by directing and assisting the needy sisters of the Ward in drying and preserving fruits and vegetables, providing clothing and bedding, etc.

6. Every Bishop and every President of a Stake must keep constantly before himself, that other Wards and Stakes may be more needy than his own, and therefore that even though his own Ward or Stake, may not need the whole he is to collect on fast offerings, nevertheless he must collect the full sum in order that the sum not needed for the needs of his own Ward or Stake may be passed on to places where it is needed.

The problem of Church relief is Church-wide; it is to be accomplished through local unit organizations and operations. It will be the business and responsibility of the Bishop and his Ward organizations—Priesthood quorums, auxiliaries, Relief Society—to see that the full relief collections of the Ward are made.

7. Relief is not to be normally given as charity; it is to be distributed for work or service rendered. All members of the Church must cooperate to this end.

The Church itself will be prepared to assist to the utmost extent possible in providing work on its own properties for its unemployed members, and also in providing other work in wisely rehabilitating ranches, farms, gardens, and orchards that may be used to furnish foodstuffs for those in need.

No pains must be spared to wipe out all feeling of diffidence, embarrassment, or shame on the part of those receiving relief; the Ward must be one great family of equals. The spiritual welfare of those on relief must receive especial care and be earnestly and prayerfully fostered. A system which gives relief for work or service will go far to reaching these ends.

8. The work of directing and coordinating all this work will be in the hands of the Presiding Bishopric of the Church. The First Presidency will appoint a Church Relief Committee to assist the Presiding Bishopric in their work.

9. It will be observed that the foregoing general principles call only for the operation of regular Ward and Stake organizations. Some supplemental, coordinating, and grouping organization may be necessary as the plan is more fully developed. The regular Church organization, set up under revelations from the Lord, was planned by Him to meet every emergency coming to human beings. The Church organization will meet the present grave economic crisis if the members of the Church will but live fully and conscientiously the Gospel.

10. For the present, and pending further developments in the working out of the

Church plan, all persons engaged in W. P. A. projects should endeavor to retain their positions, being scrupulously careful to do an honest day's work for a day's pay.

11. Whether we shall now take care of our own Church members in need and how fully, depends wholly and solely upon the faith and works of the individual Church members. If each Church member meets his full duty and grasps his full opportunity for blessing, full necessary relief will be extended to all needy Church members; in so far as individual members fail in their duty and opportunity, by that much will the relief fall short.

Speaking to the Saints in the early days of the Church, the Lord said: (Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 56):

14. "Behold, thus saith the Lord unto my people—ye have many things to do and to repent of; for behold, your sins have come up unto me, and are not pardoned, because you seek to counsel in your own ways.

15. "And your hearts are not satisfied. And ye obey not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness.

16. "Wo unto you rich men, that will not give your substance to the poor, for your riches will canker your souls; and this shall be your lamentation in the day of visitation, and of judgment, and of indignation: The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved!

17. "Wo unto you poor men, whose hearts are not broken, whose spirits are not contrite, and whose bellies are not satisfied, and whose hands are not stayed from laying hold upon other men's goods, whose eyes are full of greediness, and who will not labor with your own hands!

18. "But blessed are the poor who are pure in heart, whose hearts are broken, and whose spirits are contrite, for they shall see the kingdom of God coming in power and great glory unto their deliverance: for the fatness of the earth shall be theirs.

19. "For behold, the Lord shall come, and his recompense shall be with him, and he shall reward every man, and the poor shall rejoice;

20. "And their generations shall inherit the earth from generation to generation, forever and ever. And now I make an end of speaking unto you. Even so. Amen."

Faithfully your Brethren,

Alfred J. Grant
John W. Taylor
David O. McKay

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

ASSIGNMENTS NEAR MILLION MARK

IN 1934 the total number of assignments filled in the stakes and the wards of the Church was 641,120. At the beginning of the year 1935 a goal of a million assignments was set. The audit of the annual reports, just completed, shows a total of 930,138 assignments filled during the year, 6.9% below the goal. The increase was 289,018 assignments over 1934, a gain of 45%. This is extremely gratifying. But for epidemics in some parts of the Church and extreme weather conditions which blocked roads and greatly hampered Priesthood activities, the total would undoubtedly have gone well beyond the million mark. As it was, the gain of 289,018 or 45% was a glorious achievement. It means that more than a quarter of a million additional acts of service were performed by the boys and young men of the Church.

DRUNKEN DRIVERS DEADLY

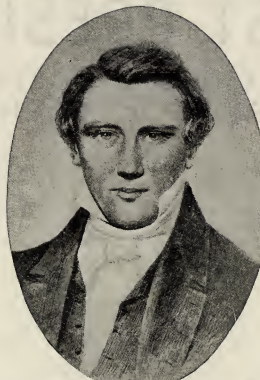
"In as much as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good."

VERY LIKELY all the statistics in the world tending to indicate something one way or the other on the relation between automobile accidents and the use of intoxicants wouldn't make any impression on the person whose common sense or conscience fails to restrain him from driving after he has partaken of alcoholic beverages. Moreover, such statistics as are available may or may not be accurate; in fact, there is much to support the supposition that they have always been far short of reasonable accuracy.

More conclusive, perhaps, will be the evidence on the fatal accident record of drivers and pedestrians reported to have been under the influence of liquor.

Of all drivers in accidents, according to such records as were available for 1935, 3.1 per cent were declared to have been under the influence of liquor. But of all drivers in fatal accidents, 6.8 per cent were declared to have been under the "influence." Thus the fatal accident experience of drivers intoxicated was 118 per cent worse!

Of all pedestrians in accidents, according to the same report, 4.9 per cent were declared to have been under the influence of liquor. But of all pedestrians killed, 9.4 per cent were declared to have been under the influence of intoxicants. Thus the fatal accident experience of intoxicated pedestrians was 91 per cent worse. From "Live and Let Live" issued by Travelers Insurance Co.



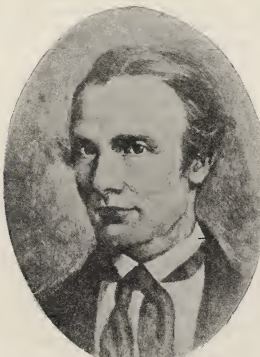
JOSEPH SMITH

CHURCH-WIDE COMMEMORATION OF RESTORATION ANNIVERSARY ASSURED

ASSURANCE of Church-wide commemoration of the one hundred seventh Anniversary of the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood which occurred May 14, 1829, have reached the Presiding Bishopric from practically all parts of the Church.

The importance of this epochal event in Church history is being appreciated more each year. Aaronic Priesthood leaders in charge of anniversary exercises are requested to send reports and photographs when available to the office of the Presiding Bishopric.

The outline of the program suggested is as follows:



OLIVER COWDERY

Friday, May 15, Anniversary of the Restoration.

Saturday, May 16, Historical Pilgrimages and Exercises following the theme—"Honoring Our Pioneers."

Sunday, May 17, Sacrament Services to be conducted in all wards by members of the Aaronic Priesthood under the direction of the Ward Bishopric, following the theme—"Honoring the Priesthood."

Details of programs have been sent to all bishops and have been published in the *Deseret News* Church Section and *The Improvement Era* for April.

A YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER

GOD, make me a man!
Give me the strength to stand for right
When other folks have left the fight,
Give me the courage of the man
Who knows that if he will, he can.
Teach me to see in every face
The good, the kind, and not the base.
Make me sincere in word and deed,
Blot out from me all sham and greed,
Help me to guard my troubled soul
By constant, active self-control.
Clean up my thoughts, my speech, my play,
And keep me pure from day to day.
O, make of me a man!

—Harlan G. Metcalf.

ANNUAL REPORT REVEALS LEADERS IN PRIESTHOOD QUORUM ACTIVITIES

THESE are the leading stakes in the various activities as shown by the audit of the annual report for 1935:

Total Aaronic Priesthood	
Liberty Stake	2,008
Utah	1,520
Salt Lake	1,514

Total Class Meetings Held During 1935	
St. Joseph	2,154
North Weber	2,093
Rexburg	1,989

Per Cent of Average Attendance at Quorum Meetings	
Maricopa	41%
Alberta	40%
New York	39%
Juarez	39%

Per Cent Average Attendance of Aaronic Priesthood at Sunday School	
Maricopa	43%
Alberta	41%
New York	39%

Per Cent Filling Assignments	
New York	81%
Snowflake	81%
Wayne	78%

Per Cent Observing Word of Wisdom	
Maricopa	77%
New York	71%
Cache	70%

<i>Per Cent Attendance of Supervisors</i>	
San Francisco	100%
Highland	92%
Tintic	92%

<i>Number of Visits to Wards</i>	
Salt Lake	450
Utah	254
Mt. Ogden	245

<i>Rating</i>	
Alberta	85
Maricopa	85
Cache	83

AVERAGE RATING—ALL STAKES	65
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BOUNTIFUL PRIESTS INAUGURATE SOCIAL PLAN

ONE of the first of the social activities, suggested for Aaronic Priesthood quorums in 1936, to be reported to the Presiding Bishopric was conducted by the Priests' quorum of Bountiful First Ward. The social was held in the ward amusement hall. Young women partners of the priests participated. Bishop Quayle Cannon and Arthur Richards, supervisor of the quorum, were in charge.

Similar socials are recommended as a part of the activity program of Aaronic Priesthood quorums for this year.

ADULT AARONIC PRIESTHOOD PLAN GIVEN NEW IMPETUS

THE PUBLICATION of an instructor's manual for adult Aaronic Priesthood classes and providing a separate roll book for all members who have passed their twentieth birthdays has given new impetus and motivation to the plan of providing separate leadership and activities for the adult group.

Stake and ward officers generally have expressed the opinion that this is an important forward-looking move and many predict renewed interest and activity in regular quorums as well as among adults.

Provision in the current quarterly report for accounting for those twenty years of age or older is expected to add still further stimulus as the new form of report will direct attention to the adult group as never before. The formation of a supervising group for missionary work and the organization of adult classes as recommended by the Presiding Bishop are expected to be the outgrowth of the new plans which are now complete with the preparation of the new form of quarterly report.

THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN

EVERY young man should read "The Strength of Being Clean," by David Starr Jordan. He says in part:

"To be clean is to be strong. All the strength that any man has lies in his brain and nervous system and there is no sort of uncleanness that does not begin with an unclean mind.

"There are many temporary illusions—so-called pleasures which pass for happiness. They are like the diamonds made of paste, or the brass which glitters and is not gold. It is easy to know a spurious pleasure by the 'difference in the morning.' Happiness lasts and makes way for more happiness. A sham pleasure brings headache and repentance.

"It is not for you, taking Kipling's words, 'with all your life's work to be done, that you must needs go dancing down the devil's swept and garnished causeway, because forsooth there is a light woman's smile at the end of it.' It is not for you to seek strength by hazard or chance. Power has its price, and its price is straight effort and clean nerves. It is not for you to believe that idleness brings rest, or that unearned rest brings pleasure. You are young men and strong, and it is for you to resist corrosion and to help stamp it out of civilized society.

"A man ought to be stronger than anything that can happen to him. He is the strong man who can say no. He is the wise man who, for all his life, can keep mind and soul and body clean."

THE WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

A Monthly Presentation of Pertinent Information Regarding The Lord's Law of Health

PRACTICAL APPLICATION AND RESULTS OF THE WORD OF WISDOM

A DEMONSTRATED WAY TO HEALTH, LONG LIFE AND HAPPINESS

(From a tract prepared by Dr. John A. Widtsoe)

THIS SIMPLE, effective method of maintaining good health and prolonging life has been tested nearly one hundred years by the Latter-day Saints, now numbering approximately three-quarters of a million persons.

The death rate of this Word of Wisdom group is less than one-half that of civilized countries; the immunity from the ravaging diseases of mankind is astonishingly great, and the mental, moral and economic conditions are far above the average.

Such a convincing demonstration of the value of a health system is unique among the many suggested guides to better health and longer life.

POSITIVE TEACHINGS

The Word of Wisdom is concerned largely with the nature of the food and drink taken into the body.

1. *The Moderate Use of Meat.* The flesh of animals should be used sparingly, chiefly in cold weather.

2. *The Liberal Use of Fruit.* Fruits of all kinds, especially fresh fruits, should be a regular part of the human dietary.

3. *The Regular Use of Vegetables.* All the recognized edible vegetables, leafy, root and tuber, should be eaten, some of them each day.

4. *The Basic Use of Grains.* The daily dietary should include as its basis, properly prepared grains. All grains are good foods, but wheat is best for the use of man.

5. *Health-giving Beverages.* Milk, fruit juices and grain extracts, notably of bran and barley, should supplement the intake of pure water in supplying the body with the necessary liquid.

NEGATIVE TEACHINGS

Injurious drink and foods must be avoided. This is quite as important as to eat good foods.

1. *Abstinence from all Alcoholic Drinks.* Beer, wine, and stronger drinks should be eliminated, completely, from human use. The proper physiological use of alcohol is for washing of the body in disease.

2. *Abstinence from the Use of Tobacco.* In no form and at no time of life should tobacco be used. Tobacco has its proper place in medicine and among the destructive poisons.

3. *Abstinence from the Use of Tea, Coffee and Similar Substances.* All drinks containing substances that are unnaturally stimulating should be eliminated from the human dietary.

IMPORTANCE OF USHERING TO BE STRESSED

USHERING in Sacrament Meetings and other gatherings of Latter-day Saints is to be made a prominent feature of the training of members of the Aaronic Priesthood, it is announced by the Presiding Bishopric. The new lesson outlines for 1936, which will be ready for distribution by the first of the year will contain definite suggestions for organizing and directing ushers and doorkeepers in all church gatherings. Preparation and duty of the usher, issuing instructions and giving training and similar topics are being outlined in detail as a part of the study course. Credits for assignments filled will be given to all participating either as doorkeepers or ushers. The lesson outlines containing instructions for one period to be devoted to a discussion of the principles involved in ushering in a Church and another period to be devoted to an actual demonstration of the methods suggested.

The outlines are now being printed and it is suggested that orders be sent to the Presiding Bishop's Office through Stake Clerks for the quantity desired for the various quorums and classes.



Homings



CONDUCTED BY MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

PREPARE NOW so that this summer you can dress the family in clothing which will take a minimum of effort to keep looking nice. Crinkle crepe materials do up well and are serviceable. Coveralls and bathing suits have their places when you want the children to have a good time without your worrying over how much laundering will have to be done as a follow-up. One danger must be guarded against. Physicians are now coming to realize that sunburning must be done gradually, and that excessive sun-tans are not advisable since the rays of the sun often reach the nerve ends and injure them. When you start suntanning your children this summer, let them stay out for only five minutes the first three days; ten minutes the second three days; fifteen the third three days; and twenty the fourth. In this manner the exposure is gradual enough that there is no great danger of injuring the delicate membranes or nerves which lie immediately below the surface.

FLOWERS AND vegetables are coming into their own this year as accessories for hats, dresses, and jewelry. When milady steps out this season, she will be very much the exotic woman whose chief charm will lie in her femininity.

WE PARENTS need to get every bit of help we can in this difficult and fascinating business of rearing children. *Parents Look at Modern Education* written by Winifred E. Bain, Associate Professor in New College, Columbia University, is one of the most helpful books published recently. Even those parents who live in districts where nursery schools and kindergartens are non-existent will find helpful suggestions which can be put to work in their homes.

The book gives a good analysis of the different kinds of schools and will prove an incentive for mothers to interest themselves in the methods employed in their own localities. Since it takes both parent and teacher to make a success of the educational system, this book will create an understanding which will be reflected in the better accomplishment of the desired ends.

Parents Look at Modern Education won the award from the *Parents' Magazine* as the most helpful parental book published in 1935.

SPRING ALWAYS denotes the planting season of the year. No better opportunity could offer itself for the carrying forward of a family project. Encourage each member of the family to have a certain part of the family plot on which he can plant some flower or vegetable or bush which will be his very own for tendance. In this way, children can be taught to value more highly their neighbors' gardens. In addition, it will keep them actively busy during a season when there is little to keep them in order and much which would be conducive to their doing wrong.

The values to be gained from gardening are numerous and the dividends to be obtained from unit-

ing the family group in one project will be apparent as soon as you start the plan.

SPRINGTIME and housecleaning time seem synonymous. When the first lazy days of spring come, we want to throw away all the old clothes that remind us of winter and slip into the softer, lighter clothes of summer to relax. Before you succumb to that urge to throw your husband's or your son's old togs away take a leaf from the book of Mrs. O. W. Williams of Kaysville, Utah, who has discovered a novel way of using old overcoats and old felt hats. She rips, washes, and presses the old materials. Then she cuts a pattern with six equal sides—four inches to each side. This pattern is then laid on the overcoat material and a great number of blocks is cut from it—the number will determine the size of the rug. (Six blocks across the center makes a good-sized rug, which will be diamond-shaped when it is finished.)

From old felt hats (women's as well as men's) designs are cut, the most popular being the pinwheel figure. By alternating the colors or by working out a definite color scheme, the rug will be made more attractive. These figures are then stitched by machine to the center of each overcoat block. The blocks are then fitted together and sewed by over-casting the edges together. With a woolen yarn of a color which will appear well with the designs used, each square is now finished to outline the blocks and to cover the over-casting stitches. The cross stitch can be used well for this purpose. A pattern should be cut of overalls or canvas to fit the back of the overcoat blocks. The two parts now can be sewed together with the long and short stitch using the same colored wool yarn with which the blocks are outlined.

When the whole is completed, place it on the floor and you will have a rug which without taking much of your time to complete will do you and your old overcoats and hats and your home proud.



Mutual Messages

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE O. MORRIS
FRANKLIN L. WEST
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOY,
Secretary

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

NEW PLAN FOR ANNUAL CONVENTIONS

THE General Authorities of the Church have inaugurated a new plan for the holding of auxiliary conventions. This provides that on every date throughout the year on which Stake Conferences are held, half of these conferences shall be visited by General Authorities and half by representatives of the auxiliary organizations for the purpose of holding conventions. During the first six months, these auxiliary conventions are to be held by the Sunday School and Primary Associations. During the last six months, they are to be held by the Relief Society and Mutual Improvement Associations. Those listed for June 27-28th are: North Sevier, Tintic, Weber, Woodruff, Yellowstone. Those July 5th are: Nevada, Sharon, South Summit, Summit, Timpanogos, Tooele. The General Boards are in hearty accord with the new plan, and appreciate greatly the opportunity of meeting with the stakes at their quarterly conferences.

This plan makes it imperative that there should be a continuous organization in the M. I. A. in both stakes and wards, during the summer season as well as during the winter. It is urged, therefore, that if there are any vacancies in the ranks of our officers, they be filled at once so that the organization may be completed before the conventions are held.

SUGGESTED CONJOINT PROGRAMS

IN THE December Leader, the request was made for the most successful programs to be sent to the central office. D. Evan Clyde, Mission Supervisor of the M. I. A. in Minneapolis, Minnesota, sent in several—two of which we are passing to others as suggestive of what may be done.

Theme—We stand for Spirituality and Happiness in the Home. (To be read at opening of the meeting.)

Opening Song—Home, Sweet Home.

Prayer—

Second Song—The World is Full of Beauty.

Talk by an Adult—The Ideals of a Latter-day Saint home.

Instrumental selection.

Talk by an adult—Indulge in no Destructive Criticism.

Male Quartet—School Thy Feelings. (Give the history and incidents

JUNE CONFERENCE ANNOUNCED International Broadcast Planned

THE Annual General Conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations will be held Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 12, 13, and 14, in Salt Lake City. M. I. A. officers and leaders and all others interested in M. I. A. activity are invited to be in attendance. Features of the Conference, in addition to the messages from the First Presidency of the Church, will be the introduction of the coming year's work, consideration of better teaching methods, and music, drama and dancing festivals.

Plans are being made for an international broadcast of the combined M. I. A. Festival Chorus of approximately three thousand voices to be presented over the Columbia Broadcasting System on a network of U. S., Canadian, and possibly European stations, from 10:00 to 10:30 a. m. MST Sunday, June 14.

This broadcast will include an address on Youth and the Church and will be heard on the regular Church of the Air series as were the testimonies of the First Presidency on the occasion of the April Conference. (See pages 270 to 273.)

Stake and Ward music directors are requested to take special note of this broadcast, and M. I. A. leaders in the missions in America and Europe are urged to keep in touch with their local broadcasting officials to determine what radio stations will release this feature, so that Church groups may meet and hear the broadcast wherever it is available.

which prompted Charles W. Penrose to write this song.)

Reading—Father Forgets.

Closing Song—Love at Home.

Benediction.

Another Conjoint Program is suggested for M Men and Gleaner Girls to carry out.

Theme—To Develop the Gifts Thou Gavest Me.

Opening Song—If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

Prayer—

Second Song—What Shall the Harvest Be?

Three to five minute talk on the slogan applied to the theme.

Talk by a Gleaner Girl—Our Sheaf—I will read the Scriptures Daily. (In this talk she should give the background of the names Gleaner and Sheaf.)

Quartet—The Challenge (M. I. A. Song Book.)

Talk by M Man—This Moment and Eternity. (Guide for talk—To what I will become, I am becoming.)

Duet—Gleaner Girl and M Man—I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord.

Retold Story—Gleaner Girl—10 minutes.

Suggestions:

Where Love Is God Is, by Leo Tolstol.

The Lost Word by Henry Van Dyke.

More Precious Than Rubies, September Era, 1933.

The Gift of Water, November Era, 1932.

Solo—To Use the Gifts Thou Gavest Me (L. D. S. Song Book, page 243.)
Public Speech by M Man—Our Social Obligation in Raising Our Standards of Integrity and Honesty.

Reading—A good poem to be read by a mother, father, or class leader.

RELIGION—EDUCATION— RECREATION—IN THE OUT-OF-DOORS

THIS is the title of the bulletin containing delightful suggestions for our summer program of 1936. It has been issued to all stakes and missions. Stake and ward officers should read it carefully and select the features that they can promote most happily among their groups. During the month of May these arrangements will have been completed so that reports may be made at the June Conference. On Monday, June 15th, following the conference, a special institute will be held at which leaders will receive further instructions and inspiration for summer activities.

Adults

ADULT SESSIONS JUNE CONFERENCE

AS THE years pass, this annual cavalcade of adult leaders from all parts of the Church will certainly take on greater significance.

More and more this gathering should become a "critique." This word will be familiar to all those who went through the intensive training overseas in the A. E. F.

Daily, after attempts to work out military problems in the field, the officers assembled at a central point and held what was called by the French, a critique. Fresh from the day's maneuvers, they pooled their observations and made constructive criticism of the day's activities. Plans were

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1. BANQUET GIVEN BY GLEANER GIRLS OF AFTON, WYOMING, AFTER CONCLUSION OF ART OF HOSPITALITY COURSE.

2. GOLD AND GREEN BALL, MANTI, UTAH.

3. LOGAN STAKE GOLD AND GREEN BALL QUEENS.

4. QUEENS AND ATTENDANTS OF THE TAYLOR STAKE GOLD AND GREEN BALL.

5. QUEENS OF GRIDLEY STAKE GOLD AND GREEN BALL.

6. QUEENS AND ESCORTS OF UNION STAKE GOLD AND GREEN BALL.

7. QUEENS AND ATTENDANTS OF WENATCHEE BRANCH GOLD AND GREEN BALL.

8. CAST OF PLAY "HE AND SHE" PRODUCED BY JACKSONVILLE BRANCH, FLORIDA.

FROM THE FIELD ALSO COME REPORTS OF SUCCESSFUL GOLD AND GREEN BALLS HELD IN RIGBY, TAYLOR, AND LOS ANGELES STAKES, AND IN GARLAND WARD OF BEAR RIVER STAKE. RIGBY ALSO REPORTS ENJOYABLE M MEN AND GLEANER GIRL BANQUET.

Adults

(Continued from page 309)

then perfected for the following day's efforts in an attempt to apply the lessons learned.

So Mutual workers should meet now, at the close of another season, not to receive orders, but for group study, cooperative thinking, and planning based on actual experience in the field. The cooperative spirit should be the very essence of Mutual Improvement Association work. Until we sense this fully and each one feels his obligation to contribute his thought and experience in formulating and perfecting our program, we cannot hope to make the progress which comes only through unified effort. More and more, however, adult groups throughout the Church are responding and at the Coming June Conference, we shall have some interesting discussions indeed.

We urge that you now look back over the season's work and analyze what the prime factors of your success and failures were. In this way, you may reach some conclusions that will be very helpful and significant to the group.

Plan now to come to Conference and attend our Adult Department sessions, where you are invited to voice your sentiments, present your ideas, recommendations or criticisms, and offer suggestions.

The following poem is an outgrowth of a hobby joyously followed by a member of the Adult class:

TAKE ME BACK TO ARIZONA

By Leora Peterson

TAKE ME back to Arizona
Where the skies are blue and fair;
Let me feel those desert breezes;
Let me breathe that mountain air.
I long to see the canyons
And the grass and flowers and vines,
And I'm lonesome for the sighing
Of the wind among the pines.

Oh, there's magic on the desert
Where the giant cacti grow,
And enchantment on the prairie
Of the wandering Navajo!
There's a spirit of adventure
Over all the sunny land;
Nowhere else has Mother Nature
Wielded such a master hand.

Down some dim and winding cow trail
On my pony I would ride,
While the old familiar landscape
Slow unfolds on every side;
And I'd like to drink the water
From some sparkling mountain spring,
Then lie on the grass and listen
To the birds' sweet warbling.

I like the mighty city,
The bustle and the crowds;
There's a fascination in the rush
That keeps me in the clouds!
The million lights on Broadway
Are a thrilling sight to see!
But the great wide open spaces
Are always calling me.

I want to see the whole wide world,
And travel far away,
From the Steppes of cold Siberia
To the palms of Mandalay.
But when I've seen Niagara,
When I've sailed across the foam,
Take me back to Arizona
To the land I call my home!

M Men

THE Church-wide Basketball Tournament is over, with sixteen good teams participating in the event. Anyone who attended the games will appreciate the high quality of activity possible in M Men Basketball.

The next feature on the program is the M Men-Gleaner Banquets. Themes should be carefully selected and the details worked out painstakingly by the leaders in close cooperation with the young people, allowing them to take as much of the initiative as possible. When the affairs are over, the leaders again should meet with the groups and list ways of improving the entertainments and the activities.

The special activity for the M Men is public speaking. Teachers should arrange opportunities for those who have qualified to meet other wards and benefit by listening to other speakers. Our goal is a continuing program of leadership. As leaders we should keep it well organized, encouraging the young men to look to the full opportunities in the M. I. A.

Gleaners

THE Gleaner Committee of the General Board sincerely hope that Gleaner Leaders everywhere are planning to come to June Conference. There is much inspiration to be obtained from mingling with an army of enthusiastic M. I. A. workers. We especially invite Gleaner and M Men Leaders to the reception to be held immediately after our separate department sessions Saturday afternoon, which will offer us another opportunity to get better acquainted. May we call to your attention also that the Sunday Evening Session of the Conference will be conducted by the M Men and Gleaners?

ARE YOU READY FOR SUMMER?

SUMMER is once more at our door—have you made your plans? What we do at this season of the year is done mostly for the sake of fun, and yet it need not lack all the elements of purposeful endeavor. A hike can be more than the scaling of a mountain with a juicy beef steak as a reward. It can be an opportunity to shed the blindness that comes from lack of knowledge of the things of nature. Invite someone who is acquainted with rocks, birds, trees, and wild flowers to go along to supply the romance. The

season's budget of good times should have several such hikes in it. Share this delightful summer activity with the M Men occasionally.

Trousseau clubs have been mentioned before, but this can never be an old idea with Gleaners. It offers many possibilities. While working with your needles you can be listening to a book review, to a play, or to music played or sung by members of the group. Current events could be a topic for discussion nights. As a climax to this phase of your summer program a reception to display your trousseau accomplishments, with your mother and perhaps the Junior Girls as your guests, will prove interesting.

Have you thought of visiting the summer home of some other Stake as well as your own? It's fun to explore new canyons and to get acquainted with other groups. Such arrangements could be worked out if plans are made early enough. If you are interested in this idea, you might talk with camp directors from other Stakes while you are in for June Conference.

Tennis has a strong appeal for Gleaners, and we hope you are planning to take your share of the time on the courts available in your community. Introduce this delightful sport to the girls who have not yet had an opportunity to play.

Swimming is almost synonymous with summer and yet there are quite a number of Gleaners who do not swim. Organize a swimming class and systematically go about mastering this refreshing summer activity.

It is impossible for our small General Board Committee to visit many wards or stakes during the summer, but we are interested in your plans and would appreciate hearing from you about them. It is the season for fun. Plan for a happy time.

Explorers and Scouts

CACHE VALLEY EXPLORERS AND SCOUTS TO ERECT TRAPPER'S MONUMENT

EXPLORERS and Scouts of the Cache Valley Council are looking forward to the completion of a project which has been under way for more than a year. The project is the erection of a monument near Trapper's Cache where Jim Bridger and other early trappers cached one of the largest stores of furs on record. The cache was made in 1825 and 1826 and consisted of more than 16,000 beaver furs.

The monument being erected is in connection with the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association and is one of the most pretentious undertaken by Scouts or Explorers in the west. It will contain a bas relief showing a typical trapper with his horse loaded with furs on the banks of the

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1. GOLD AND GREEN BALL OF BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.



2. M MEN AND GLEANER BANQUET, BLACKFOOT STAKE.

3. GOLD AND GREEN BALL, RENO AND SPARKS BRANCHES.



4. GOLD AND GREEN BALL, BIG HORN STAKE.

5. CANNON WARD M MEN AND GLEANER DINNER DANCE.

6. M. I. A. BANQUET, FREDRICHSTAD, NORWAY.

7. JAMESTOWN BRANCH M. I. A. CLUB.

8. QUEENS OF BOISE STAKE GOLD AND GREEN BALL.



9. QUEENS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL OF CEDAR CITY WARDS.

10. DRAMATIZATION OF SLOGAN BY NATIONAL CITY BRANCH OF SAN DIEGO.



11. M MEN BANQUET, PONTPOOL, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SOUTH WALES. ROBERT S. STEVENS, TOASTMASTER.



12. CAST FOR "THE PROMISED LAND," PRODUCED BY THE JUNIORS OF HUNTINGTON PARK WARD.



13. KING, QUEEN, ATTENDANTS OF SCPIO, MILLARD STAKE GOLD AND GREEN BALL.

14. QUEEN, ATTENDANTS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL, TAFT BRANCH, BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.



15. BLACKFOOT FIRST WARD BOYS' AND GIRLS' CHORUSES.

16. GOLD AND GREEN BALL, GLENDALE WARD, HOLLYWOOD STAKE.

Explorers and Scouts

(Continued from page 311)

Little Bear River near Hyrum in the south end of Cache Valley.

The unveiling ceremony will be the outstanding feature of the Cache Valley Council's Camporee to be held May 22 and 23, 1936.

EXPLORER AND JUNIOR GIRLS TO FEATURE ARTS, CRAFTS, AND HOBBY EXHIBIT

EXPLORER Scouts and Junior Girls have been given an unusual opportunity in the program for the June Conference this year in the assignment to conduct an arts, crafts, and hobby exhibit. The exhibit will be held in the historic Lion House, for many years the home of President Brigham Young. Invitations are being extended to all Explorers and Junior Girls to exhibit samples of their handicrafts or hobbies at this show. Explorers are being invited through Scout Executives to participate in the exhibits.



As it climbs the mountains high;
It winds its way through tall, tall trees
That gaze on a mystic sky.
Green grasses dance on the bordered edge,
There are shells and mossy stones;
And along its questing, narrow way
A whimsical stray breeze roams.

—Anna Johnson.

MONUMENT NEAR TRAPPER'S CACHE, HYRUM, UTAH, TO BE UNVEILED MAY 22, 1936. ERECTED BY EXPLORER SCOUTS OF CACHE VALLEY COUNCIL, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

for your winter party occasion, fill cell 461.

In the field of business are the cells of "Marketing," "Canning and Con-serving," "Earning and Saving," and be sure to fill cell 655.

In the field of public service you might stress the cells which deal with beautifying your surroundings and making others happy, also with developing increased patriotism by conducting impressive flag ceremonies at your camp programs and on other special occasions.

In the same manner go carefully over the honor badge requirements with your girls, choosing those they wish to fill and making your plans accordingly. Tests should be made on all honor badges before awards are made. Be thorough with the girls in all of their work.

Inquiry has been made concerning the 4-H Club. We are happy to co-operate. Where Bee-Hive Girls complete courses in club work and such activities fill the requirements in cell filling, they may receive credit for same. The Bee-Keepers are to be the judges. It is to be hoped that Bee-Hive Girls doing 4-H Club work will keep intact as Bee-Hive Swarms and bring the club work in to assist in their cell filling, honor badge requirements, and other activities.

All Bee-Keepers should sense keenly their responsibilities. If you are sure that you cannot carry on another year, please make it known so all vacancies may be filled by June Conference, thus giving the new Bee-Keepers an opportunity at least to glance over the program before coming to conference and that they may have the summer for further study. It is very difficult for a Bee-Keeper to take a swarm without previous preparation. We appreciate the splendid services of the Bee-Keepers and trust that you will all remain with

Juniors

THE JUNIOR COMMITTEE sincerely hopes that your work this year has proved both profitable and enjoyable. In the closing weeks it also hopes that you will lay plans for the summer season's activities. The summer months are the most dangerous because school is out for the girls of this age; playgrounds do not offer very much incentive or supervision for the biggest number of them; and their home duties often are insufficient to keep them busy. The activity should be one suitable to the season, not demanding too much effort and yet giving sufficient incentive for them to carry on during the rest of the week. Sewing of various kinds may prove interesting.

In harmony with the plans of the M. I. A. for summer work, the Junior teacher may begin early to cast her girls for plays, pageants, or dancing festivals which will readily take care of their leisure. Junior leaders should remember the project of beautifying grounds which has been followed for several years for their department. Working with the forces of nature and with the Heavenly Father in the creation of a garden is always conducive of good among young people.

Bee-Hive Girls

SUMMER TIME

"THE TRAIL"

THERE'S A trail that leads through paradise—
A crooked and coaxing trail;
It scrambles over hills and meadows,
In a wood where songbirds sail.
It hugs the side of the whispering shrub,

A good opportunity is afforded during the summer for making up the ranks or work missed, for earning honor badges, bringing honey comb books up to date, working out and applying symbols.

Scan the cells in every field carefully with your girls, helping them choose the ones they would like most to fill during the summer. Then chart them and make out your program. While the fields of home and out-of-doors may appeal most for summer activities, all of the fields are rich in material. As an example, in the field of religion, cells 10, 12, 14, 16, and others may be filled while doing some interesting handwork. When earning money be sure to fill cell 32.

Summer outings will give opportunity for camp and out-of-door cooking and the filling of cells from the division of "Cooking" in the field of home; also for the filling of cells from the divisions of "Camping and Hiking," "Living Creatures," "Trees and Shrubs," in the field of out-of-doors.

In the fields of health and domestic art there is a wide choice. In planning

Bee-Hive Girls

us, becoming more efficient each year, gaining knowledge, happiness, and our Heavenly Father's blessings in so doing.

JUNE CONFERENCE PLANS

DEPARTMENT sessions will be held both Friday and Saturday of June Conference by the Bee-Hive Committee of the General Board. An outdoor Leadership Institute will be conducted on Monday following conference. Confer with your local officers for full information regarding the institute. Articles made by Bee-Hive Girls will again be displayed. Each stake will be allowed only six articles consisting of handcraft, needlework, Honey Comb Books, not before displayed at June Conference. The stakes are responsible for bringing and returning this material.

Bee-Keepers having completed tests for three- and five-year service pins must file their names and the statements of their service in the Y. W. M. I. A. office not later than May 15. The three-year pin costs 50¢—the five-year a guard pin, is given by the General Presidency.

THE BEE-HIVE GIRLS

THE Bee-Hive Girls are good girls.

They're happy all the day,
They sing like little meadow larks
Which drives their cares away.

The Bee-Hive Girls are good girls,
They always wear a smile,
They never wear an ugly frown
Not even for a while.

The Bee-Hive Girls are good girls,
They do good turns indeed,
The Bee-Hive Girls help others,
They help the ones in need.

By Phyllis Phelps.
A Builder in the Hive,
Burton Ward, Wells Stake.

June Wheeler, a Gatherer of Honey of the 9th Ward, Mt. Ogden Stake, has chosen an unusual symbol—"The River." June has written a lovely poem which tells what her symbol means to her.

CAN I?

WHEN life like a river
Is solemn and sad,
Can I, like a river,
Make it cheerful and glad?

When hardships, like stones,
Stand thwarting my way,
Can I, like a river,
Be sparkling and gay?

Can I visit the homeless,
The sad and the lorn,
Like a river goes wending
Through thicket and thorn?

Can I teach little children,
To dance and to play,
Like a river waves reeds,
That grow by the way?

By June Wheeler, age 13,
9th Ward, Mt. Ogden Stake.

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

(Continued from page 291)

of the resurrection crumbled. To the question "Shall I know my mother when I meet her in the world beyond?" the Prophet responded emphatically "Yes, you will know your mother there." A firm believer in Joseph's divine mission, Zina D. Young was comforted by the promise. From the discussions on the resurrection and the relationship of man to Deity, no doubt came the inspiration to Eliza R. Snow for the writing of "O My Father." The poem was written in the home of Stephen Markham and was penned on a wooden chest, the only table available in her meagerly furnished room.

The hymn is in four stanzas and is an epitome of the great drama of eternal life as revealed by the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Prologue: The first stanza proclaims the literal Fatherhood of God; that we were nurtured by His side in our ante-mortal existence, connoting the truth that we were instructed in the great plan, obedience to which would enable us to regain His presence "and again behold His face."

The Play: Stanza II shifts the scene to earth-life, where we are placed in a school to see whether we shall do the things required of us and prove our right to the promised restoration to God's presence. Our recollection of ante-mortal life is withheld in order that we may walk by faith; yet, not to be left wholly in the dark, a "secret something," a key that opens the door to knowledge, is given us, and through it (Stanza III) is revealed the new and glorious doctrine of a mother in heaven.

The Epilogue: Back again into the Eternal Presence our thoughts are projected. Through obedience, and through having completed all we have been commanded to do, with the "mutual approbation" of our heavenly parents we claim the promise made in our ante-mortal state.

Truly "O My Father" is the drama of eternal life: not merely a hymn, but a prophecy and a revelation.

EDWARD W. TULLIDGE in his "Women of Mormondom" says of the hymn:

"A divine drama set to song. And as it is but a choral dramatization, in the simple

hymn form, of the celestial themes revealed through Joseph Smith, it will strikingly illustrate the vast system of Mormon theology, which links the heavens and the earth.

Levi Edgar Young in *The Improvement Era*, Volume 17, p. 751, June, 1914, says:

"Standing out in reverent meaning, and a poem in very spirit is 'O My Father.'"

This hymn is the embodiment of Hebraism, of some God-like thought. . . Its beauty is in its lesson that all men are divine and by their will are in tune with their Maker. It will live forever as a soul-inspiring song; it will ever be known as a philosophic lesson, for it gives something of the meaning of instinct and intuition, the great problems of the modern philosopher."

Orson F. Whitney in the *History of Utah*, Vol. 4, says:

"If all her other writings, prose and verse, were swept into oblivion, this poem alone, the sweetest and sublimest of all the songs of Zion, would perpetuate her fame and render her name immortal. But she believed, with Lord Byron, that a poet should do something more than make verses, and she put that belief into practice, laboring incessantly for the promulgation of her religious faith and for the teaching and counseling of the women of her people."

"O My Father" has been set to music by nearly all of our local composers among whom may be named John Tullidge, A. C. Smyth, Ebenezer Beesley, Charles J. Thomas, George Careless, Frank Merrill, Edwin F. Parry, Edward P. Kimball, Tracy Y. Cannon, and Evan Stephens. President Heber J. Grant, in an article on "Our Favorite Hymns" published in *The Improvement Era*, Volume 17, Part 2, p. 777, says: "It was first sung to the tune of 'Gentle Annie' to which melody President Young often had it sung." For years it was almost universally sung to the tune of "Harwell" from the *American Tune Book*. In 1893 it was sung at a funeral in Logan by Robert C. Easton to the tune of "My Redeemer" and created such a favorable impression that Frank W. Merrill published an adaptation which was used by Brother Easton at the dedicatory exercises of the Salt Lake Temple, and also at the Chicago World's Fair on the occasion of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir's trip there in 1893. It has also been used effectively to the solo and duet from the first act of "Martha." However, "My Redeemer" seems still to be its favorite setting.

MOVING MOUNTAINS

By WALTER L. BAILEY

THE STORY THUS FAR

Bob Hamond and Dan Bolin took their first jobs as assistant engineers aboard the freighter "Banaza." Shortly after they had entered the Arctic, their engine cracked, leaving them helpless in the midst of icebergs. Spike Ambry, the engineer, issued orders for SOS calls to be sent and for the crew to try to effect the necessary repairs. When the cry went up that there were icebergs dead ahead, the men all deserted in the only lifeboat, leaving Spike and Dan to do their best to extricate Bob from the huge iron rod which had pinned him to the floor when the crew had dropped it. The three gathered their provisions, guns, and clothing preparatory to making a jump aboard an iceberg when one should reach their freighter. When it struck, they pitched their supplies to the icy shelf. Just as the freighter started careening away from the iceberg, the three made their leap for the icy shelf. The "Banaza" was caught between two mountains of ice and crushed with the radio's dying voice floating out to them, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" Finding a cave, Bob, Dan and Spike hastily rigged up a kind of camp in it. Making their beds over the boxes of canned goods so that the warmth of their bodies wouldn't melt the ice, they dropped to a fatigued sleep while a terrific gale blew the berg ever northward into the ice regions.



THE TWO BOYS LEANED FORWARD INTO THE MIST, STRAINING THEIR EARS AT THE SILENCE. AND AS THEY LISTENED THE SOUND CAME AGAIN, A LONG DRAWN-OUT SHOUT FROM FAR ACROSS THE WATER-LANE.

CHAPTER THREE—LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

BOB AWOKE with a start. He was cold. He glanced quickly about. The little cave was just as it had been when they lay down to sleep. His two companions still slept, rolled in their blankets beside him. He glanced at his wrist watch, his eyes registering surprise at what he saw.

It was eleven o'clock. He held the watch to his ear; it was barely running. He remembered winding it very distinctly before going to sleep. That meant they had slept close to twenty-four hours. Bob whistled softly to himself.

Another thing which suddenly drew his attention was that their icy ship was motionless! Still! No wind howled without. The only sound which met his ears was a frequent heavy grinding noise, followed each time by a slight trembling of the berg under them.

Bob crawled out of his blankets

and moved through the hazy half-darkness to the cave entrance. Pulling the blanket aside, he peered out.

The berg had stranded—was caught by thick, uneven ice on all sides. Bob realized that it was this ice, pushing hard against the berg which caused it to tremble. He gazed at what seemed a marvelous city of ice, wrapped in a hazy gray twilight.

Great flat floes, as wide as ordinary city blocks, were piled one on top of the other, their tops great level floors. Other bergs, stranded like their own, reared themselves in the haze nearby, gleaming and towering to giddy heights like ancient castles. Down close to the near horizon, the moon gleamed through the haze like a huge, far-away street lamp in a heavy fog.

Or was it the moon? Bob gazed at it for a long time. Then suddenly he knew. It was the midnight sun!

The midnight sun was not unknown to Bob. He had read much about it. For six months the Arctic regions had daylight, the sun fol-

lowing around and around just above the horizon, shining at midnight as well as at noon. Then would follow weeks of total darkness, with no sun at all.

Bob gazed at the orb which was trying in vain to pierce the Arctic haze. Suddenly a terrible, chilling dread crept over him, as he realized more fully their predicament. Were they to be stranded here, in the Arctic's icy fastness, finally to starve and freeze to death? He shuddered involuntarily as he looked out again over the gray, desolate, awesome scene before him.

There was no living thing visible on that vast desert of ice. It was a lost world—and they were lost with it. Again he shuddered involuntarily.

"Even to the ends of the world!"

The whispered words broke in on his thoughts from close behind him.

(Continued on page 322)

BRAZIL— A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

By MARC T. GREENE



RIO DE JANEIRO, SHOWING PART OF THE HARBOR AND CITY.

THE EYES of the world are turning to South America, and to Brazil especially. Here live, it seems, opportunity, relative opulence, surcease from economic perplexity. All the vast southern continent shares in the varied appeal of what is practically the world's newest land. The comparatively untouched resources of Brazil, her scenic beauty, and her exotic life combine in the most potent lure for all.

Brazil, however little she may be known to the world, is old in history. Portuguese wanderers landed upon her shores at the beginning of the sixteenth century. As early as 1502 Goncalo Coelho sailed into the matchless harbor which later became known by the commonplace and inadequate name of "River of January." For three-quarters of a century after that the country, or rather the strip along the coast, was a Portuguese colony. Then Spain, succeeding Portugal as mistress of the seas, took it over, only to see it recaptured by the Portuguese in 1640. Portugal held it as the principal part of her dwindling empire until early in the nineteenth century. Then Dom Pedro I, being an exile in the Azores Islands, found before him the opportunity to return to Portugal as sovereign or go to Brazil as the first emperor of an independent nation. He chose the latter alternative, ruling until 1831 and being succeeded by his son, Dom Pedro II.

Both reigns were characterized by appalling cruelty and a large portion of the populace were slaves in a wretched state of subjection. In 1888 the slaves became so numerous as to force their emancipation, Brazil being probably the last large country in the world to abandon merchandising in human flesh. It was likewise the last of the South American states to become a republic, this hap-

MARC T. GREENE, contributor to the "Improvement Era" on two previous occasions, with "Among the South Sea Islands Today" and "The Amazing Argentine," has been a traveling reporter for several of the leading magazines and newspapers of the United States.

Although not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Mr. Greene has admired the Mormon missionaries whom he has met in many lands. As in his previous article, "The Amazing Argentine," he emphasizes in this article great interest in seeing the Latter-day Saints send their representatives to these lands of South America.

pening in 1889. Since then Brazil has had no fewer than sixteen presidents.

Brazil is in the way of developing a rival cotton industry to the United States, whose policy of restricting the production gave Brazilian growers aid and encouragement. Many planters from the southern states have within the past year transferred their business, all their interests, and much of their machinery to the state of San Paulo; they believe cotton can be grown of equal excellence and at much less cost than in North America. For a market Brazil is now looking to Japan, and with that country's already great and constantly-expanding export trade in textiles that market promises to consume all Brazil can produce. Other products of Brazil capable of a great increase are fruit and cereals. But economic uncertainty keeps her foreign credit position an unstable one.

THE AMOUNT of educational work that requires doing is huge, especially in the interior and among the more backward populace. These people are generally receptive and

friendly to strangers. Even the inhabitants of the remote parts are not as unfriendly as commonly thought. They distrust the white man because what intercourse they have had with him has not usually been pleasant. But there are hundreds of thousands of people in Brazil ready and willing to be taught and not lacking in intelligence.

The country's possibilities are, as we have seen, almost measureless and, granting alone such measure of political stability as shall gain the confidence of the rest of the world for a time, Brazil is undoubtedly on the verge of an economic renaissance which should greatly benefit her own people and be of value to the world. In order that this may come about it is necessary that she be drawn out of the spiritual slough of centuries and stimulated by something of northern culture. If this can be done she will soon become one of the great and influential nations of the world for she has all the rest of the equipment.

The greatest need of Brazil, as among all backward peoples, is to combine attention to the body with concern for the soul. In many countries, India, China, and the South Seas, Protestant missionaries have only lately realized this apparently obvious fact. Anyone who has come into contact with the work and the methods of the missionary institutions of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has either been very unobservant or very much prejudiced if he has failed to note that it is exactly along those lines that these missionaries work. What the young missionaries from Utah have done in the South Seas and are now starting to do in the Argentine, next door to Brazil, I personally have little doubt that they can do in the more needy country.

BRAZIL—A NEW FRONTIER for the RESTORED GOSPEL



RULON S. HOWELLS

By RULON S. HOWELLS

President of the Brazilian Mission

BRAZIL, A VAST RICH EMPIRE, THAT COVERS AN AREA GREATER THAN THAT OF CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES, HAS APPROXIMATELY THIRTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. TODAY, IN THIS GREAT AND INTERESTING COUNTRY, A NEW FRONTIER FOR THE MESSAGE OF THE RESTORED GOSPEL HAS BEEN FOUND BY OUR MISSIONARIES.

ONE STORMY night back in September, 1928, three stalwart missionaries, who had left Buenos Aires a few days before, were very dubious as to whether their wind and storm tossed ship would be able to dock at the small port of San Francisco do Sul (of the South), so that they could proceed up a small estuary of the South Atlantic Ocean, which extends for about twenty-five miles inland to the city of Joinville, in the state of Santa Catharina, Brazil. One of the three, the oldest and the leader, declared that if they could not land safely they would proceed with the ship up the coast to Santos, thence to the city of Sao Paulo. He said, however, that he had a feeling that Joinville was the place at which they should terminate their journey.

When hopes of their landing were about to be given up, a lull came over the white-capped lashing waves and a successful attempt to land a small boat from the ocean liner was made. Placing their feet on the firm earth of the shore, the oldest member of trio declared: "It is as I felt it should be—it must be so."

Thus President Reinhold Stooft with Elders Emil A. J. Schindler and William F. Heinz of the South American Mission, headquarters in Buenos Aires, Argentina, made their entry as missionaries and ambassadors of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints into the country of Brazil, South America.

President Stooft's "feeling" that Joinville was "the place" for them to commence their labors in this new country was well justified by subsequent events, for in this city of



Joinville, with a population of approximately thirteen thousand, most of whom are German speaking people, there was destined to be organized the first branch of the Church in Brazil and to be erected the first Latter-day Saint chapel on the entire South American continent.

After holding a series of well-attended, illustrated lectures in Joinville, President Stooft told his two young companions that he was returning to the headquarters of the South American Mission in Argentina and prayed the Lord's blessings to prosper the efforts that they might put forth to establish a branch in this new country which is indeed a new frontier for the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Brazil, a vast undeveloped empire that covers an area greater than that of continental United States, was at last to be penetrated by "Mormon" missionaries. To paraphrase, it was

AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF THE BUSINESS SECTION OF SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF OVER A MILLION PEOPLE AND IS MODERN IN ITS SERVICES AND UTILITIES.

a sort of "Nephi—we have come!"

This great country has a population estimated at about thirty-five million. Its climate ranges from very warm in the densely tropical Amazon region on the north, to a more temperate condition on the rolling hills and flat plains of Uruguay and Argentina on the south.

Elders Schindler and Heinz were followed by a few other missionaries, and within a period of five years nearly a hundred converts were baptized in and around the Joinville District; a fine chapel was erected; and the "restored Gospel" was firmly implanted in the fertile soil of this new field. All of the converts were German-speaking

people, many of whom emigrated from Germany and many of whom were born in this new "haven, land of opportunity," of which their parents had dreamed when accepting the sales propaganda of the colonization companies' agents in Germany. There are estimated to be over a half million German speaking people in Brazil, concentrated in colonization communities and in the larger cities, who, because of their old-world training for thrift and shrewdness, have become an important influence in commercial life.

The Brazilian Mission, as such, came into being when the South American Mission was divided into the Argentine and Brazilian Missions, as announced by the First Presidency of the Church in February, 1935.

United States, but Brazil may have the distinction of being termed the melting or "confusing pot" of the world, for here not only have many distinct nationalities intermingled, but all races; and, sadly, in too many cases they have intermarried. In the majority of places color lines are ignored and the resultant mixture offers perplexing problems to anyone who might be accustomed to think in terms of racial "nationalism." It is with a degree of hope, however, that one can perceive that Anglo-Saxonism can still hold its own, for among the Germans who have been emigrating for the past one hundred years to Brazil, most have remained "German;" although, of course, there has been some intermarrying with "Brazilians."

One observing tourist, after see-

ing any white men have trod, are waiting to be developed, but it will take strong hearts and sturdy muscles to subdue such places.

The task of pushing back the jungle growth and of planting in its place crops for the consumption and commercial use of man has largely fallen upon the "foreigner," emigrating mainly from European countries, among whom are to be found all nationalities of the world, chiefly Germans, Austrians, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, and more recently an influx of Japanese from Asia.

One need not live on beautiful scenery alone in Brazil. Fruits of many varieties—including the old stand-bys, bananas of which there are twenty-five different kinds, and oranges of which there is a great variety—and vegetables are to be had in practically all parts of the country.

English, American, and German interests have invested tremendous sums in Brazil in the building of modern public utilities in nearly all of the larger cities. Modern railroads, streetcar systems, busses, and American and foreign-made automobiles furnish the transportation of inland Brazil, while modern airlines drop their flying boats out of the sky regularly each few days from North America, Europe, and other parts of South America. The Graf Zeppelin makes its regular scheduled runs from Europe to Brazil carrying passengers, baggage, and mail. Transocean cables, wireless, and radio which connect



THE HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO AT NIGHT.

The city of Sao Paulo (St. Paul), with over a million population, was subsequently chosen by the new mission president as the headquarters of this mission. This city is the industrial and commercial center of Brazil and is situated at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet, being inland from the ocean just twenty miles.

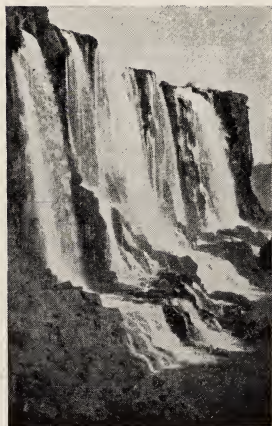
IN SAO PAULO one may visit the famous Butantan with its "Snake Farm," where serums are prepared and shipped all over the world to combat the effects of poison snake bites. Sao Paulo is also known as the city of beautiful homes and gardens. There are over four thousand English and American people living here, and nearly every protestant church and denomination is represented.

The phrase, the "melting pot" of nationalities, has been applied to the

ing so many different types and shades of color among the people along the streets of the various cities, asked to be shown a true "Brazilian," and his answer came from a citizen of doubtful racial origin: "We are Brazilians all!"

The vegetation in Brazil is luxuriant. One never forgets the first glimpse of many varieties of beautiful orchids growing wild along the slopes of the hills surrounding Rio de Janeiro, and elsewhere throughout the country. The problem of the Brazilian farmer does not lie in getting his crops to grow, but in keeping undesirable growth back. This is truly a land rich in natural resources. Agriculture, livestock, and mineral wealth are everywhere abundant, yet vast areas lie undeveloped. Areas larger than the State of Utah, where the feet of few

THE "NIAGARA FALLS" OF SOUTH AMERICA
—THE FAMOUS "IGUASSU."



Europe and North America also link this country and make it a cog in the great wheel of world happenings.

An unforgettable experience is to make the trip from the seaport Santos, where ships from practically all world ports can be seen along its modern docks almost any day, up to the "Serra" to Sao Paulo—the "Chicago" of Brazil. Trains or busses run between Santos and Sao Paulo every hour. From Santos the train winds through cultivated

mon to hear said: "To appreciate Rio, it must be seen." Early Portuguese explorers mistook the bay of Rio for a river, and, first arriving in the month of January, gave this beauty spot its name, "Rio de Janeiro" (River of January).

Rio is situated in a federal district similar to our federal District of Columbia. It is the capital of the Republic of Brazil, which consists of twenty-one states. The setting of the city of Rio de Janeiro, with its half-moon shaped harbor and

twenty degrees longitude or in practically the same zone as Florida. The long plateau has an average altitude of nearly two thousand feet which materially affects the climate, making it much more temperate than one would expect.

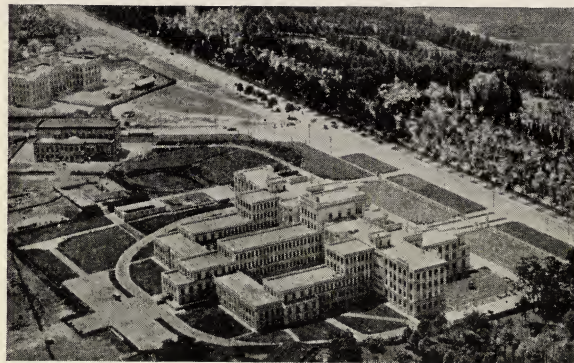
Indeed, Brazil has many surprises for anyone who has relied on his knowledge of it from his grade school geography and history. Especially are these surprises multiplied to those who have not lived along the eastern or western coast of the United States, where commerce between the two countries brings truer knowledge and conception.

Just recently on a tour around the mission, we were fortunate in being in Porto Alegre at the time the Brazilian Fair was being held. It was given in commemoration of the hundred years of freedom and independence from Spanish rule of the Southern part of Brazil. Porto Alegre has a population of about three hundred thousand and is the largest city in the southern part of Brazil. The fair was very much like the World's Fair in Chicago although very much reduced in size. However, displays and arrangements reminded us of the fine exhibition we saw three years ago in Chicago. It was just another indication of the accomplishments of commercial Brazil.

One soon realizes, though, after seeing the various exhibit buildings, that foreign influence has been behind it all. There was very little of what one could call truly "Brazilian" in the fair. Everywhere one can see the results of foreign influence. Practically all public utilities in the larger cities are operated and controlled by Canadian or American interests and their efficiency is increased by the superior knowledge of Anglo-Saxon engineering and supervision.

To understand what might accurately be termed "Brazilian" one must first determine what really makes up the true Brazilian person. The Portuguese dominated Brazil up to the time of its declaration of independence. Negro slaves were imported into Brazil by the Portuguese long before they were taken to the United States. The Negroes intermarried with the native Indians; and the Portuguese, because of previous Moorish-African relations, did not hold themselves completely aloof or above this inter-racial merg-

(Concluded on page 320)



THE MEDICAL COLLEGE AT SAO PAULO, BRAZIL. MODERNLY EQUIPPED AND OUTSTANDING IN MANY PHASES OF MEDICAL RESEARCH.

banana groves at sea level, until the British operated trains approach the Serra, or coast range of mountains. Then one experiences one of the most interesting rides in the world. Marvels of engineering! The trip up the mountain side is accomplished as one train coming down pulls another going up, by means of a series of cables. The operation is handled so smoothly that one is hardly aware of the change until the steep incline reveals the ascent.

On the slopes of this steep coastal range the railroad cuts through primeval forests where orchids and hundreds of other beautiful flowers and ferns can be seen growing wild. The ride in modern pullman cars takes a little less than two hours. The cemented motor road parallels the railroad in part as it winds back and forth up the steep mountain side, ascending to an elevation of twenty-two hundred feet within a distance of four miles, and giving many a thrill to those making the trip for the first few times.

AMONG THE many glorious scenes of natural settings is one that is world renowned—Rio de Janeiro—indeed the city beautiful. It is com-

mountainous cliffs rising out of the water, and with its background of mountains covered with tropical and semi-tropical vegetation, makes it unique for beauty and charm among the cities of the world. There are also other cities of less size and importance than Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, each of which has its individual charm and distinctiveness.

The Amazon region in the north with its many as yet unexplored parts is the really tropical section of Brazil. The general tourist's preconceived notions of the climatical and topographical conditions of Brazil is considerably changed when in many places he shivers in the evenings for the want of an overcoat during five or six months each year. There are many weeks along this coastal plateau when the unaccustomed traveler shivers in his palm beach clothes with which he has stocked-up before coming, with the idea that he might bake under the tropical sun of Brazil. The center of population of Brazil lies south of

Brazil—A New Frontier

(Continued from page 319)

ing. Consequently, what might be called the true Brazilian evolved from this race triangle of Portuguese, Indian, and Negro; although there are many Portuguese who from the time their forefathers came over from Portugal have kept their family "line" purely Portuguese. The Anglo-Saxon race, however, is chiefly the one which has become interested in the undeveloped opportunities here, and has moved in to develop them.

Germans, Italians, and many other nationalities from central Europe have been coming to Brazil for the past hundred years and have at first settled in the agricultural sections where they have pushed back the thick jungle growth and replaced it with domestic crops. The descendants of these sturdy soil toilers, finding this life somewhat monotonous and hard, have drifted into the larger centers, where they have succeeded, to a considerable degree, in commercial pursuits. Consequently when one speaks of Brazil's accomplishments or of its people, all influences and elements that go to make it up must be weighed in order to understand its true character.

Today, in this great and interesting country, a new frontier for the message of the restored Gospel has been found by our missionaries, who are at the present time laboring in four different centers of Brazil.

There are many other cities, colonies, and places waiting to hear our message and just as soon as our forces are augmented, this will be possible.

OUR ADVERTISERS AND WHERE YOU WILL FIND THEIR MESSAGE

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Those Dionne Sisters

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other concessions. (It is said the quintuplets' trust fund has already grown to six figures.) Hence a board of guardians was set up. Dr. Dafoe is one of the guardians; Judge J. A. Valin, respected French-Canadian citizen of North Bay, Ontario, is another; Oliva Dionne, the father, is a third; and the fourth is Honorable David Croll, Minister of Welfare for Ontario. The babies will be "wards of the king" until they are eighteen.

CANADA is finding the Dionne Sisters a magnet for tourists, and already this season all roads are leading to Callander. Last year from June to September, 95,076 automobiles rolled out to Callander and more than 380,000 persons, the majority of them Americans, lingered in kindly curiosity to watch the youngsters playing about their glassed-in nursery, for visitors are not allowed close to the babies. Even the parents and the five brothers and sisters of the "Quints" must not go and come at will.

And this brings us to another side of the quintuplet story, the side of the parents.

How do they feel about all this? For two years now their five little daughters have been in the spotlight. They have brought fame to Oliva Dionne and Elzire Dionne, his youthful French-Canadian wife. But they have not brought contentment. The enforced separation from their five babies does not please them. Naturally they want their children; they are plain, honest French-Canadian rural folk, traditionally a family-loving race.

There are those who sympathize with the parents; there are many who consider the intervention of the Ontario government the wise and just thing. It is difficult to judge and the question will long be debated. Meanwhile the five famous sisters will continue to eat and sleep, smash china, and smile for the funny cameramen, quite unmindful of the stir they have created in the world.



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TULIP TIME IN HOLLAND

TULIP TIME IN HOLLAND

WHEN ISN'T IT?

By FRANK I.
KOOYMAN

*Of the Church Historian's Office and
Former President of the Netherlands
Mission*

TULIP TIME in Holland? Of course, you think of spring-time, and undoubtedly would be surprised, should you visit there—say in December or January, when snowflakes are flying—to see those brilliant flowers in many windows, to find them on every table of your hotel.

One may see tulips in Holland almost the year around, the flowering being artificially hastened in hothouses, or retarded by means of ice. Not just a few, at exorbitant prices—these beautiful forced flowers are being brought to your very door in any city in great quantities, at a few cents a dozen, by noisy street vendors. Roses too, festival flowers in full splendor, large chrysanthemums, lovely lilacs are being offered for sale, baskets and baskets of them, in the busy streets, every day of the year. Of course, the months of April and May still constitute the field tulip and hyacinth season, with its bewildering riot of color and fragrance, but the stranger, sojourning for some length of time in present-day Holland, might ask, as this writer did: When *isn't* it tulip time in the land of dikes and windmills?

In another sense of the word, also, it *always* seems to be tulip time in Rembrandt's country. There is no season of the year in which the flower and plant grower in the Netherlands is not giving some attention to his bulb-fields. Besides tulips—hyacinths and daffodils are grown in large quantities, and then, too, there are many varieties of bulbous plants. Generally, garden truck is cultivated as well, both before and after the flower season.

IN JUNE and July—after the harvest—the bulbs are dried on racks. The young tulip bulbs are cut off, or pared, and planted again,

so that they may grow larger and become marketable. The mother bulb is ready for sale. Baby bulbs of hyacinths are grown artificially. It takes five years after they bud out on the mother bulb, to make them fit for the market.

Every month of the year, passing by the sandy acres which their art of centuries has transfigured into rich fields, I saw these thrifty floriculturists doing one thing or another, always at work. Now they were repairing the tiny fences that were to protect their young plants against the sharp spring winds, then they were patiently crawling on their knees, planting, cultivating or harvesting. Every inch of the soil is being utilized, and there is not a weed that has a chance. Tenderly, as a fond mother watches her baby, Holland's bulb-grower guards his flower beds.

SHALL I give you a striking contrast? Last fall, a corner of certain school grounds in Salt Lake City were planted with flower bulbs, and now careless students and others every day are walking over the spot. If those coming flowers, those "silent children of the Lord," as one of Holland's poets has called them, could speak, undoubtedly they would tell the thoughtless human beings that are tramping over them, of the almost sacred plots their cousins by the Zuyder Zee are enjoying (which Sea, by the way, is called Flevo Lake now), and the wonderful devotion that is given them.

Tulip time in Holland—does that phrase make you dream of picturesque lowlands with peaceful grazing cattle? of tiny red-roofed towns, of quaint costumes and wooden shoes and windmills? of

slow-moving sailing vessels with phlegmatic skippers? Those fascinating typical Dutch scenes are rapidly disappearing in modern Holland—a little spot about one-fifth the size of Utah—throbbing with life to feed and clothe and improve her more than eight million inhabitants.

I could tell you about modern Holland's schools and universities, her sciences and arts, her world of finance. I could show you the Holland that is building ships, that has tool and implement and structural steel factories; factories, too, for chemical and tar products and dyes, for oils and fats, for wooden ware and shoes, for leather and leather goods, for textiles and lace and cloths, for earthenware, pottery, bricks and stone, for glass and paper, for food products and beverages, for precious metals and diamonds. I could even reveal down-to-date Holland to you as a worthwhile coal-mining country, employing more than 35,000 miners, not many miles from the rich peaceful farmlands, lying below sea level, with their countless windmills rising black against the sky—if I were not writing about flowers and their season in "Holland-land."

Tulip time in modern Holland—"springtime," as far as sweet-smelling, colorful flowers is concerned—has no beginning, neither has it an end, thanks to the trusty hothouses. The budded flowers surpass even the best products of southern countries; they are more fragrant and more variegated. Millions of roses are cut every year, millions, too, of lilies of the valley, and countless lilac sprays, to say nothing of marguerites and callas. But this is only part of Holland's floriculture—I have not even mentioned her tens of thousands of potted flowers. The hothouses of *Nederland*, as the Hollander calls his country, could supply all of Europe with cut flowers, if the demand should be made. And at any time.

MOVING MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 315)

Jerking his head around, he saw that Dan had awaked and was standing at his shoulder, gazing out into the gray, icy wastes without.

"It certainly looks as if it might be the end of the world," said Bob slowly. "It's frightening to look at."

"Lonesome, icy, desolate!" said Dan seriously. "But don't forget the precious words from the deck-radio 'Lo, I am with you always.'"

"I'm trying not to," Bob returned thoughtfully. "They're priceless in a place like this."



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"Wonder what's on the other side of this berg?" Dan queried.

"Same thing, of course! Ice! Ice! Nothing but ice! Thousands of miles of it, pushing, drifting, twisting, grinding, scraping irresistibly on and on."

"Let's take a look at the landscape in that direction anyway, while old Spike here finishes his nap. Think we could climb to the top of the berg and take a look?" Dan inquired.

"It would be easier to get off on the ice and work our way around the berg," Bob returned. "We can try at least. Old Spike is still sleeping and we won't be gone long."

TOGETHER the two boys stepped out on the huge shelf of ice before their cave. The berg gave off a smarting coldness, like the breath from an open refrigerator door.

Carefully they made their way downward toward the level of the frozen ocean. The distance to the ocean level was not so far now as when the berg had been floating free. The pack ice had drifted and piled up along its sides to a height of fifteen feet or more.

Reaching the ocean level, they started slowly making their way around the left side of the stranded berg. The majestic giant, which, only a few hours before, had been a fearful, destructive monster of the open sea, was now a harmless, glittering castle caught by a mightier foe—the miles of gripping ice.

Before them lay an endless universe of ice. Even through the gray haze, pierced to some extent by the midnight sun, the white wilderness gleamed with a weird, erratic effect. Great ice-domes, some comparatively smooth, others grotesquely irregular, dotted the scene in all directions.

Standing some thirty or forty feet from their stranded berg, Bob and Dan suddenly felt a slight lurch of

the ice under their feet, accompanied by a sharp splitting sound.

The two boys wheeled about to see that the ice on which they were standing had cracked or split half way between them and the berg. Before they could take a step, the gap had widened to twelve or fourteen feet. Bob stopped short, speechless consternation covering his face. The gap was already too wide for them to leap back across. They were cut off from the berg and the provisions!

But even before Bob could find his speech, the gap ceased to widen. The floe wavered a moment in decision, then rushed back again with a terrific thud. Somewhere in that icy world, pressure on the ice had been released, causing the ice to crack and float apart; then as suddenly, the pressure had returned, closing the gap with a sickening thud.

"Come on," yelled Bob, suddenly coming to life. "Let's get back on our berg before we drift away somewhere in this haze."

Dan needed no urging. Together they leaped over the long zig-zagging crack which was still visible, and sped as fast as the slippery ice would let them back around the berg toward their ice-cave.

"Serves us right," panted Bob. "We didn't have any business coming out here without telling old Spike. If he should wake up and find us gone he'd worry himself to death."

"You're right," said Dan breathlessly. "I hadn't thought of that."

They pushed on faster.

What neither boy could know was that at that very moment, old Spike Ambry was pushing swiftly around the opposite side of the berg with his rifle, anxiously trying to pierce the hazy gloom for a glimpse of the two boys.

BOB AND DAN were beginning to feel the cold sharply. Reaching the spot where their cave lay, Bob scrambled upward. Dan followed. Crossing the ice-shelf, Bob pulled aside the blanket covering the mouth of the cave and stared within. Dan did likewise. Puzzled astonishment covered the faces of both boys. The cave was empty. Old Spike was gone!

"He's out looking for us," said Bob quickly. "We've got to catch him and warn him of the break in

A LIFE

By Zena Chlarson

I saw a life go out last night

As silent as a falling star,

As secret as the spring's first flower

I saw a life go out last night.

It paused upon the highest mountain peak

And viewed the moon-kissed landscape o'er,

Then flashed above in meteor flight

To seek its home among the stars.

MOVING MOUNTAINS

the ice. If he crosses that break and the ice pulls apart again—well, it might not close again for him to get back as it did for us. And he would be cut off from the berg entirely. Come on! We wouldn't know which way to turn in this world of ice without old Spike to lead."

With fear tugging at their hearts, they scrambled down to the ocean level again, searching the gray mists for a shadowy form as they went. But there was no shadowy form there.

"He must have gone around the right side of the berg as we took the left and didn't see him." There was an anxious look in Bob's eyes.

It was impossible to see footmarks on the hard ice, so the two boys pushed around the berg keeping close to its base. The going was difficult. Sometimes they skidded down the steep sides of tilted pack-ice, dropping into wide cracks between them, only to crawl up again to higher ice and push on across a complicated network of ridges and crevasses. The ice here was rougher than it had been on the left side of the berg, and the going was much slower.

Finally Bob stopped at what he judged was the back of the berg without having seen a thing of old Spike. The misty, gray fog was thickening, so that now only a few feet in any direction were visible. The midnight sun had been completely blotted out. Bob suddenly gripped Dan's arm as they stood peering into the gray curtain about them on that vast and lonely sea of ice.

"Look!" The word was barely more than a whisper, but Dan heard and saw.

Directly before them, unseen at first because of the dense mist which enveloped it, lay open water! The great break in the ice had opened again, leaving a huge lane of water between probably hundreds of miles of solid ice on each side.

How wide the lane was, or how far it extended lengthwise, they could only make a wild guess. Only a few feet of it could be seen; only a faint ripple of the water lapping against the icebank at their feet could be heard.

"Maybe old Spike kept going around the berg? Maybe the lane had opened before he got this far?"

Dan's voice sounded odd and strained in the icy coldness.

"And maybe he walked off into it—and couldn't climb back up on the slippery bank of ice," Bob soliloquized. Then he tensed.

"Listen!"

THE TWO boys leaned forward into the mist, straining their ears at the silence. And as they listened the sound came again, a long drawn-out shout from far across the water-lane.

Bob lifted his voice in answer. His shout echoed and re-echoed out through the mist-wrapped ice. Another shout from old Spike floated to them, the sound rising and falling mysteriously in their eerie surroundings. It was plain to the boys that old Spike was trying to shout some kind of instructions to them, but his voice was only a blur of wavering, unintelligible sound, broken up by distance, mist, and ice.

Again Bob raised his voice to a point of strain on his throat:

"Can't . . . under . stand . . ."

For a suspense-filled minute the two boys waited on the ice-bank, while the only sound that met their ears was the faintly lapping water in the all-hiding mist in front of them. Then came two words through that mist, a long pause between them to make them understandable. Bob caught them, though the sound was wavering and again mysteriously eerie:

"H-e-l-p . . . g-u-n-s . . ."

"Old Spike's in trouble, Dan! And he's on the other side of this water-lane." Bob spoke rapidly. "Wants us to bring guns! Quick, you go back to the cave and get the guns. I'll push on ahead along this lane and try to find a crossing. You follow with the guns. If I fail to find a crossing, I'll wait for you and we'll try to swim across with the guns. Hurry!"

But Dan needed no urging. He was already lost to sight in the mists around the base of the berg. Once more Bob lifted his voice into the misty silence to old Spike.

"K-e-e-p . . . y-e-l-l-i-n-g . . ."

Then alone, and with a pounding heart, he started swiftly forward along the ice-bank, and was immediately swallowed up by the shadowy-gray mists of the Arctic wastes.

(To be Continued)

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UNDERSTANDING MOTHER

(Continued from page 301)

he said gaily as he put an arm about her.

"Looks like flowers," Mother said expectantly.

"It is flowers."

"Roses," she breathed as the wrappings came off, "gorgeous roses."

"The girl in the flower shop thought I was rather dippy when I insisted on having each rose different. Didn't think much of my artistic sense. But she couldn't see them blooming in the rose garden next year."

"But, Jarvis," Geraldine said, "you don't do that in May, you do it in August."

"Mother could do it in December and they'd still live," Jarvis answered confidently.

"I have some of Lorna's bride's roses from last June," was Mother's quiet response. "If you shade them and give them plenty of water, they'll live. They take more care than August plantings but it can be done."

"What's holding up the party?" Jarvis asked. "I'm starved. Eats at these college boarding houses aren't so hotsky. I've been my own boot black and dry cleaner for weeks to get here and put my legs under Mother's table again."

"Your father isn't here yet," she said, "but everything is almost ready and he'll be here any minute. You all get acquainted while I dish it up."

"Max, you better round up our young cowboy and see that he has fit hands," Geraldine called.

"Mother, would I be in the way if I warmed this soup for Marjorie?" Jo asked. "Maybe we can get her to sleep before we begin dinner."

"Come right along. There's always room for one more sauceman on a coal range," and Mother and Jo moved toward the kitchen.

"Do I smell rolls? Mother, you should have more regard for our waistlines. Not that it worries me much yet, but Gilbert is beginning to look as if it wouldn't hurt him to count the calories."

"Let's not have him start on Mother's day," the older woman pleaded gently, adding almost to herself: "Let him eat like the boy he used to be."

"As if I could stop him," Jo laughed. "When he gets near your

cooking he just naturally forgets he ever grew up. I'd better go get Marjorie myself. If he ever smells this kitchen we won't even get him to the dining room," and she whisked out the back door and was in again in a minute with the laughing baby.

MOTHER HAD to stop work to watch her eat. "Aren't they cute?" she said, "Their little mouths open for the next bite. Let me feed her some. And Jo, there are baked potatoes on the half shell for dinner. That one on the little plate isn't seasoned. Maybe she can have a little."

"Oh, grand! You surely are thoughtful. I noticed some canned peaches in the ice box. I can mash her some of those and she'll be so full she'll sleep till morning."

"Where's Father?" Gilbert asked.

"Where would he be on Sunday morning, even if the world came to an end?" Geraldine answered.

"Rather late for Church not to be out, isn't it?"

"Perhaps Mr. Pettigrew has a new cow," Jarvis offered, smiling indulgently.

"He never could pass up a good cow," Mother smiled too as she stood in the doorway watching up the road. "Here he is now. And, forever more—here come Lorna and Tom!"

The small car drew alongside Father just as he reached the house.

"Well, well, how did you find your way home?" he greeted the occupants. "Glory be!" as he saw other cars parked about. "Looks like other folks remember what day it is."

"Now hurry right in and sit down while it's nice," Mother fretted.

"Mmmm, looks like Christmas," Lorna said as she stood in the dining room doorway and looked at the array of gifts on the buffet. "Mother, who gave you this perfectly ducky gown? Boy, oh boy, the Queen of Sheba in her best would look like last year's house apron compared to Mother when she prepares to slumber in this gown. I hate to pass out my little offering in the face of such sumptuous splendor, but here it is."

"I'll have to see what it is if dinner does get cold," Mother said eagerly.

Understanding Mother

"Mother, crystal goblets! You lucky thing. They just match my set. Don't I envy you?" Geraldine said.

They didn't just match anything of Mother's. But then, the children couldn't be expected to remember what she had, and they were pretty things.

"Let's eat dinner while we enjoy looking at them," Mother suggested.

It was a dinner in Mother's best style. Their happy chatter and laughter warmed a place in her heart that had been cold a long time. She pressed food upon them until they vowed they could eat no more. Then she opened the candy. Finally John pushed back his chair. "Mother, you're certainly up to your old form. If I ate like that every day I'd be a patient instead of a doctor. I'd like to take Eve a little run out to the lake if you don't mind? We won't be gone long."

"Sort of early for swimming," Gilbert remarked to their departing backs. And Mother, remembering back to her own youth, answered: "The lake isn't just for swimming, son."

Then Max remembered that he had some business with Joel Pyne, the small town's leading legal talent, and since Geraldine was a school friend of Mrs. Pyne she decided to go along too. "That is, if Bobby won't be too much trouble for an hour or two?"

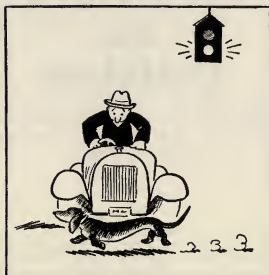
"Why, of course not. Go right along, dear." Mother answered cheerfully.

"In the face of the rest all going I hate to ask it," Gilbert said apologetically. "But I've been promising Jo a walk around the hill pasture ever since we began talking about coming. She is a great little hiker and we are so far from any place to hike in town. Could you keep an eye on Marjorie if she should wake up before we get back?"

"I hope she does wake up. You keep her so bound in cotton wool we never have a chance to get acquainted," Mother laughed. So Gilbert put an arm around his wife and drew her away despite her protests at leaving everything to Mother.

Mother rose and began to clear the table. Lorna picked up a couple of glasses and trailed her into the kitchen. "Mother, I just hate to run off when we are only here for a

(Continued on page 326)



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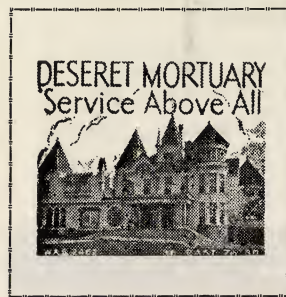
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UNDERSTANDING MOTHER

(Continued from page 325)

day, but Jessie was in Boston when I was married and she hasn't met Tom. I would like to take him over."

"Why, of course, Lorna. It's only natural for you to want to take a look at your best friend when you are here so seldom."

"I'll wait and help you first."

"No, no, there wouldn't be much time left. You run along. I'll just do a few now and what I don't get done can wait until tomorrow."

"Every honest man should pay for his dinner, so come on, lady, I'm appointed official dish drier, and I promise not to break a single thing."

"I'll come help as soon as I've stretched out a minute," Father called as he disposed himself comfortably on the living room couch.

This was the part of the day Mother had hoped for. Jarvis' letters didn't say much, and she had wondered how his work was coming. She had watched him during dinner. He looked well but she could tell there was something on his mind. She knew that if she just kept still it would all come out, and how she had hoped for a little time with him. As they washed dishes he told her as she had known he would.

"Mom, there's a girl in town. Her name is Alice Parsons. We—well, we've seen quite a bit of each other and I'm keen on her. I wanted to bring her home today. But she said I had better tell you first, and besides it would be nicer to meet you when all the rest were not here."

MOTHER'S heart pounded heavily and she could feel her lips go white. So it had come. Her last chick was to fly the nest. Of course she wanted him to marry; but he belonged to her as none of the others did, exactly. He had always understood even her unspoken thoughts, had known unerringly what would please her. Like today about the roses. He had given her something that would last as long as she did and bring her added joy each year. What could she say? She must say something. He would think it strange that she was silent so long. Finally she mastered her stiff tongue and in a voice that was not too strange said, "I have always liked the name of Alice. What is she like, dear?"

"Well, she's bigger than you are,

but not much, and her hair is brown—well, almost red. Her eyes are dark, and her skin,—oh, Mother, I can't catalogue her. I only know she is just right."

"When can you bring her home?"

"That's something else I want to talk to you about. Her father has a dude ranch out in Wyoming. She wrote to him about me and he can give me a job this summer. It pays pretty well, and I thought if Father could get along without me over the busy season I'd take it. Then you folks won't have to help me so much next year. I can borrow some. John wrote me that he would lend me what I need at five per cent and give me five years to pay it back. I've hated to be a burden on you so long. If I do go out to Wyoming with Alice we'd like to stop over a few days with you on the way."

"That will be early in June." Mother's mind was busy on the cleaning and refurbishing she could do in a month's time. "Will you be married this year?"

"Gosh, no. We'll wait and see what sort of hospital I draw for interne work. If I get one that takes married internes and lets them live in, we'll be married a year from now, as soon as I graduate. Otherwise I'm afraid it will be two years."

"And Alice? Is she willing to make this long wait?"

"Yes. Her father could finance us, but she feels as I do that we had better do it ourselves. Then no one will have leading strings on us. I'd like to come back here and practice. Dr. Stewart is getting sort of old and there is no one that gets quite the satisfaction out of life that a country doctor does."

"And Alice agrees to that too?" What was the matter with her that she could speak only these short sentences. But thank goodness, Jarvis didn't seem to notice.

"Yes, Alice thinks there's no place like the country to bring up a family."

She must be the right kind of girl. Mother reflected as she wrung out the tea towels and hung them up to dry.

WHEN THE family began to drift back they heard the shouts of Jarvis and Bobby outside, and found Mother and Marjorie contentedly playing house inside.

Understanding Mother

"It's sorta warm for this time of year," Father said as he slowly awoke, roused by the homecoming of the others. "Mother, are there any lemons in the house? How about some lemonade?"

Soon lemonade and sliced cake and cookies were going the rounds and every one found some place for it.

Then suddenly, it seemed to Mother, the day was over. The children were being washed and tucked into cars for the homeward ride.

In the bustle of getting away Mother managed to "lend" her velvet scarf to Eve for the medical meeting, her goblets to Geraldine for her club party, and her night gown to Lorna for a little trip she and Tom were taking. The candy found its way into the car with Gilbert.

As Jarvis climbed into John's car for a lift to the station he whispered against Mother's ear. "Speak to Dad for me, will you?"

Mother's answering smile gave no evidence of the pain she knew. Yet she was glad, too. He had had no qualms at telling her. She had not been a possessive mother. Smilingly she pressed a small box into his hand and whispered, "For Alice." It was not until very much later that Jarvis opened the tiny parcel and discovered his class ring. He remembered giving it to Mother and telling her that a fellow's class ring was for his best girl. This was her way of letting him know that she understood and was content to become second best. Bless her. She always understood.

Mother and Father stood together in the setting sun, waving to the children till the last car was out of sight. Then with his arm around her they went inside.

"You gather up these lemonade things, Mother. I'll help you wash up before I milk. Maybe you'll come out and talk to me while I do the chores. Seems like I've sort of missed you in the crowd."

It's been nice to have them home, she thought.

You had your children and then they were gone, never more to be really a part of you. Just precious glimpses like today. But you had your memories.

She smiled up at him and gave his arm an affectionate little squeeze as she said, "I think that would be lovely."

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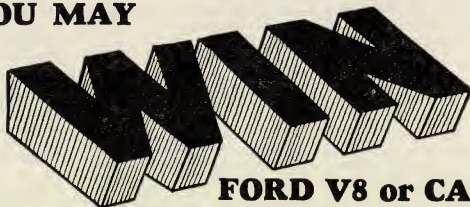
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LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

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Penalize—e as in eat, be careful of that e; a as in account; i as in ice. The accent comes on the first syllable.

Eczema—e as in met; c as in cat; e as the first e in event; a as in sofa; accent the first syllable.

Thornton, Idaho,
March 16, 1936.

Editors of *Improvement Era*:

ICAN'T tell you how much I enjoyed President Grant's article—"On Following Counsel." It's just what we need more faith and confidence in our leaders, more of a desire to go to them for advice. I shall look forward to other articles with much pleasure, for I know we can profit by what he says. Also the article by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., was very timely and specific.

Sincerely,
Florence A. Cheney.

THE following is a letter we have received from Spring Glen Ward of the Carbon Stake.

"Enclosed is check for three dollars for the final subscriptions, making our 300% goal.

"The Y. M. M. I. A. is taking the extra *Era* and we intend passing the copies of the magazine around to families of non-church members who are attending Mutual.

"Every Latter-day Saint family in the ward is either subscribing or has access to this wonderful magazine.

"Wishing you continued success, I am
"C. H. Rigby."

Mesa, Arizona,
March 12, 1936.

Dear Editors:

WE do appreciate having the *Era* in our home. We feel that it is the voice of the Church and a direct message from our beloved leaders. All the material therein is an inspiration to better living as well as being a source of choice information.

Because I felt the dynamic power of Earl J. Glade when I was a mere child, I have been inspired every time I have read of his good works. Naturally his article in the March number has a direct appeal to me.

And so does every other article—all different, yet all so vital. Even the stories seem more sound and vital than they have done sometimes.

Truly yours,
(Signed) Mildred B. Jarvis.

PRAISE AND CRITICISM FROM TONGA

Dear Editor:

ITHOUGHT I'd send a word from Tonga—telling you of my appreciation of the *Era*. It certainly is a connecting link for us out here in the Islands. I enjoy every page. I'll readily admit I never gave it more than a glance at home—that being the reason I didn't realize and know the magazine contained so much valuable and interesting material.

I challenge any Latter-day Saint to read the *Era* and then say that it is not indeed a real missionary for the Church—for the members and outsiders.

Reading material here is quite scarce and I have no trouble lending the *Era* to the Europeans here—they look forward to it every month as much as I do.

I enjoy the cover page on the magazine too—but why not have a little change from mountain scenery and portraits?

The Tongans are wonderful people, and I for one would like to see an article in the *Era* on Tonga—very few people know where it is or anything about it. I never heard of the place until I received my call.

Your fellow worker,
Elder Tom. F. Whitley.

IMPORTANCE OF *ERA*

Cisco, Utah January 3rd, 1936

Dear Editors:

WE ARE sending two dollars for our renewal subscription to the *Era*.

We feel that we cannot be without it one single month as it is about the only source of keeping in tune with the Church organizations we have, because we live in an out-of-the-way place and miles from any ward activities.

The *Era*, therefore, is like "Bread" to us, a "necessity." Best wishes for your success in giving us (your subscribers) those things that will build our faith and keep the courage of our Forefathers burning within us day by day. May '36 bring you a successful and happy year.

Yours very truly,
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Titus.

NON-MORMON ENJOYS *ERA*

P. O. Box 11
Cape Cottage, Maine,
January 15, 1936.

Dear Editor:

IAM UNABLE to fill the blank sent me relative to the subscription of *The Improvement Era*. To avoid a misunderstanding an explanation is necessary.

I am a young man without any church affiliations. However, I have a profound interest in religion and a clean and wholesome life.

During the last few years I came in contact with members of the Church in Arizona and Idaho. Without one exception they were all pleasant and friendly.

I had not given the aspects of the Church much thought until last winter when I was in Klamath Falls, Oregon. In that city I heard several young men representing the Church speak. Their street-corner talks impressed me deeply. I also read and re-read the tracts and literature handed me.

During the first weeks here in Maine, among strangers, I had idle moments. I turned to those tracts and several copies of the *Era*. These I carried in my baggage. I can see my way to a better life by following the teachings of the Church.

May I remind you again of the impressions left in my mind by the clean-cut young missionaries? They are deep and lasting. Time will not obliterate them from my mind.

These are the reasons I want *The Improvement Era* to come regularly. I know it will help me live a clean, wholesome, and useful life.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Marton D. Krauss.

Villa Versailles Buenos Aires, Argentina.
January 10, 1936.

Dear Editors:

THE FOLLOWING note may interest you:
For recreation during the past month and a half the Elders of this mission have been practicing indoor baseball. Once a week we manage a "get together" on the field of the United Telephone Company. Last Saturday we responded to an invitation of the Goodyear Rubber Company, playing their team on their grounds. The Goodyear men have been playing together, some of them, about five years. The "North American Missionaries," as we were called, went out into the field to start off the game. Three runs were scored by our friendly opponents during their first "inning." The "Mormon Boys" retaliated in part by bringing in two runs along about the third inning. The remainder of the nine innings was exciting. Both teams played masterful ball. Team-work was displayed on every side. The final score was against us, as far as runs were concerned, but we are rejoicing the fact that new friends have been made. We too, are looking forward to the return game which should soon take place with the Goodyear Rubber Company. The score-keeper announced the final news of our last game as 3 against 2 in favor of the Goodyear players. Our expectations are toward a "win" in our coming game.

I remain your brother,
G. Wallace Fox.

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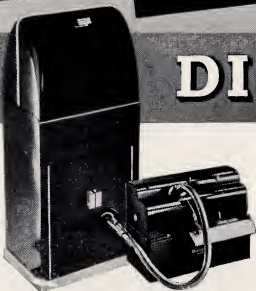
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